

rical and musical entertainmen has been one of compromise and craftsmanship.

"If," said Jacques Wolfe, who is doing the music of "John Henry," "I can get the treble melody in four-four time, with the bass in five-eight time, with a slight gradation from the altos, we'll have that Crawfish song sounding right."

"If," said Don Voorhees, from the orchestra pit, "you try anything like that, my musicians will go crazy."

"If," said Joshua White, the Blind Lemon of the play, "y'all orchestra boys drap out and don't mess me up wid all dem keys and tempos and things, I'll pick that Crawfish song on my guitar, like hft ought to be done."

"And if Josh picks it," said Paul

Shelly can drive the Cannon Ball through at sundown. The result is pleasing to all. For me John Henry becomes a living thing, for Mr. Wolfe there is pure music uninhibited by arbitrary form. For Mr. Robeson it is folk-music in its proper setting, for Mr. Voorhees it is a couple of minutes' leisure in which he can concentrate upon his entre-act selection, and for Charles Friedman, the director, it is an Act One curtain.

* * *

Just as it is difficult to fit the John Henry music into preconceived form, it is also difficult to classify John Henry as a character in literature. If you recall your "Uncle Remus" tales you will remember "Miss Meadows and de gals," upon whom Br'er Rabbit would pay a call on certain occasions. That was all anybody ever learned about Miss Meadows and de gals. The Little Boy asked point-blank who they were, and Uncle Remus, the best of all story tellers, wisely refrained from explaining that the art of story telling required certain avenues of escape from the tension of concentrated action. He merely said, "Dey're in de story. Ef'n you don't like de story like I'm tellin' it, den you tell me a better one."

And so, in John Henry's story, there is the Man Named Sam, always a villainous character. There is John Henry's love—and his weakness—Julie Ann, loving and loyal to her death, but never quite understanding the greatness and smallness of her man. Bad Stacker Lee, the meanest man in the world, whose badness John Henry penetrates and finds it is only a bad reputation. Poor Selma, the fear of the women, and the curse of the

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A NOVEL BY
MARY LEE SETTLE

BLOOD THE





'JOHN HENRY' SINGS

John Henry, legendary strong man of Negro folklore, has come to the stage in the person of Paul Robeson. The play was written by Roark Bradford, with music by Jacques Wolfe. Above, John Henry is shown as he first appears on the levee, bragging of his prowess.

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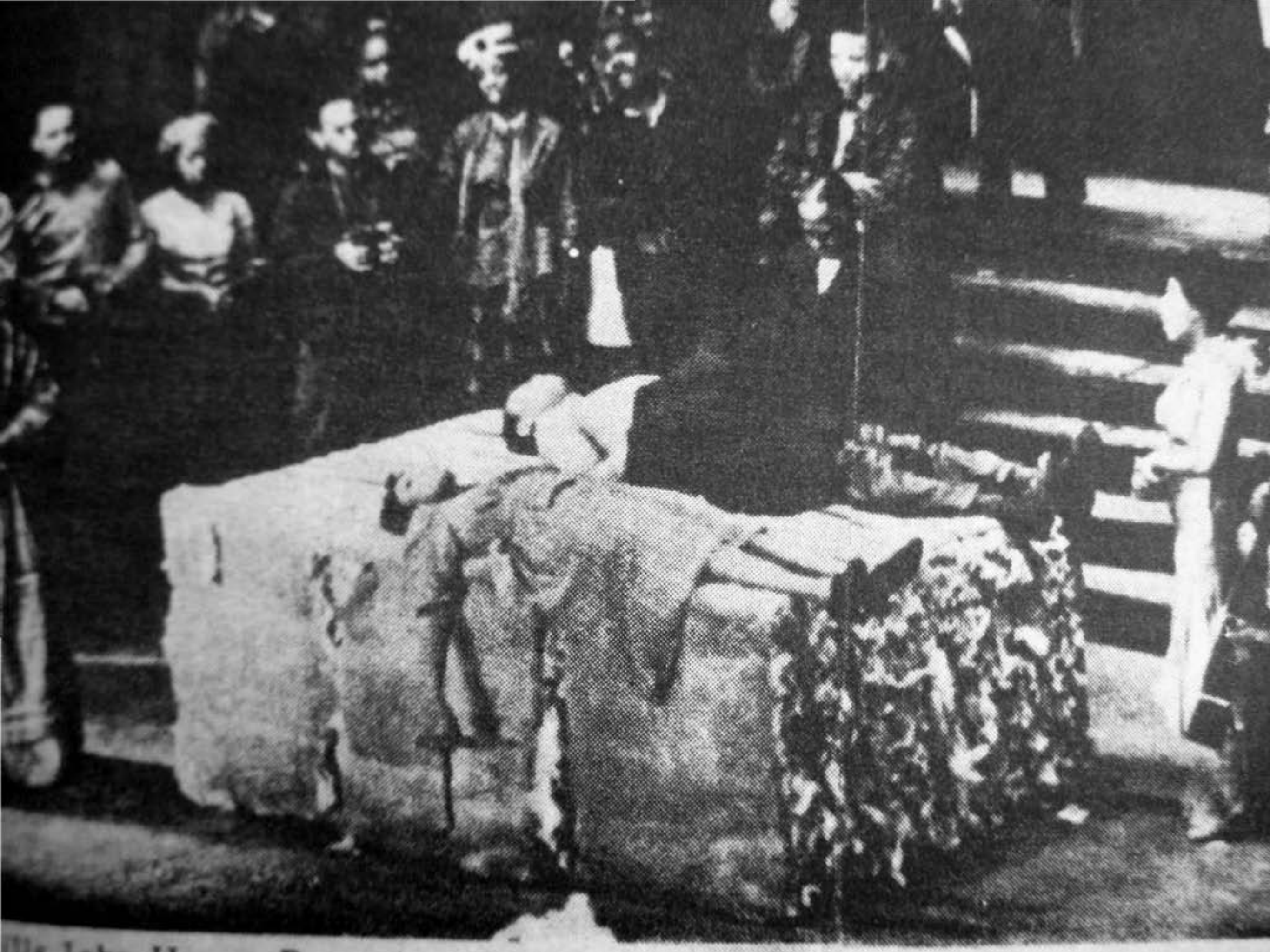


First John Henry talks big. Then he does big, carrying 500-pound cotton bales up the gangplank singlehanded, a feat never before attempted.

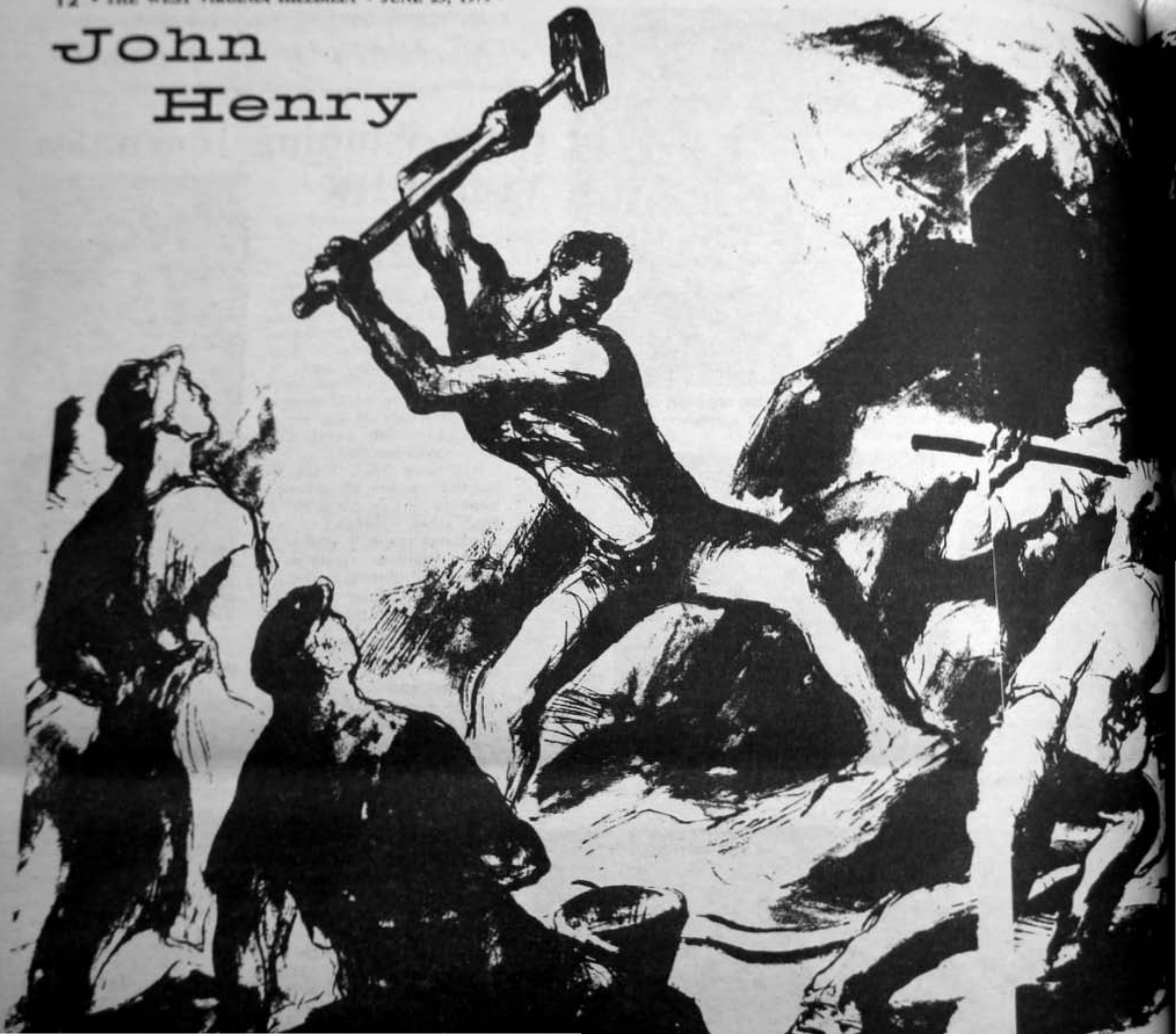


The machine age finally kills John Henry. Returning to the levee after his travels, he drops dead trying to do more work than a steam winch.





John Henry



BY EDWARD LINN

*John Henry tol' the Captain
A man ain't nothin' but a man
An' if I don't beat your steam drill down
I'll die with a hammer in my hand
Lawd, Lawd
I'll die with a hammer in my hand*

THE FIRST anybody ever really saw of John Henry was down at the docks in Columbia, La., where the riverboat *Good Gal Irene* was loading cotton for New Orleans. All them other stories, like how the moon turned blood-red and the rivers flooded over when he was born, and how he rassled 300-pound razorback hogs when he was a boy, all them stories, they came afterwards, the way stories are always looking to attach themselves on to a man like that.

John Henry come swinging on to the pier at Columbia, that day with that easy, dancing step of his, and you couldn't hardly keep from noticing him. He was a big, black man, six foot tall and 200 pounds and big across the chest and shoulders. His hair was thick

and curly, and his teeth were shiny white. He wore a pair of old blue denim pants, flared just a little at the bottom, and a black leather belt studded with rhinestones. He had on an old blue work shirt, so worn you could almost see through it, and so used to John Henry that it fit him like a second layer of skin. The top four buttons were open from the neck, and the edges of the shirt were rolled under so his chest was open to the sun. In all the time anybody ever saw John Henry, he never wore a hat and never kept his chest covered when the sun was shining. "The sun is hard on white men and horses," he used to say. "But for colored men and mules, it's de Lawd's own stren'th."

Well, the day John Henry came down to the wharf, Mr. B. Beau Barton, captain of the *Good Gal Irene*, was having him some trouble getting his ship loaded down. It had rained all the week before, so the cotton bales were wet and heavy and the plank leading up from the pier to the steamboat's stage was slick and slippery. Now a bale of cotton weighs 200 pounds when it's dry; wet like it

was, it was so heavy that the roustabouts' line kept moving around slower and slower and slower. The *Good Gal Irene* was already paying extra docking charges for half a day, and the cotton wasn't much more than half loaded.

Big Johnno, Mr. B. Beau Barton's walking boss, was running around, shoving the roustabouts back into line and kicking some of the lazier ones halfway up the plank. Every now and then, he'd jump into line himself and put two bales of cotton on his back just to show his bullies how it should be done.

WELL, Big Johnno was just the biggest, meanest roustabout in the land. Big Johnno took passage with Mr. B. Beau Barton between Columbia and New Orleans to push the unloading, and he was the only walking boss on the levee allowed to take his woman back and forth. Well, Big Johnno was such a powerful ladies' man that he took a different woman every trip and sometimes even swapped over in New Orleans. His new woman—a purty little thing from the back country named Polly Ann—was sitting up in the shade of the steamship, right where the gangplank comes onto the stage.

At the bottom of the plank, Big Johnno was calling out the rhythm the way a good walking boss should

was a Natural Man

"Dis here big boy," Big Johnno said. "He's lookin' for to big-talk."

Well, John Henry said to Mr. B. Beau Barton, "Cap'n, my name is John Henry, and John Henry is what people call me. I'm lookin' for to do some roustaboutin' on this job, and big roustaboutin' is what you're needin' here. What I wants to know is how much you pay, top wages?"

Mr. B. Beau Barton took his cigar out of his mouth and looked hard at John Henry. Then he took off his straw hat, wiped around the inside with the flat of his hand and flicked the sweat away. "Top wages," he said, "is a dollar a day, but only top bullies get top pay. What does you ever work at before, John Henry?"

"I never work on no levee nowhere," John Henry said. "Cause I'm from the back country. But I'm a natural man, Cap'n. Any work what takes muscle and sweat, I can do better'n anyone yet. My day-wage for you, Cap'n, is a dollar ten, 'cause I haul more cotton than any three men."

Big Johnno let out a sharp laugh. "It's like I said. This ain't no big workin' man. This here is a big talkin' man."

But Mr. B. Beau Barton took a long haul on his cigar and looked John Henry up and down. He called for a couple of baling hooks, handed them to John Henry and said him. "You seed Big Johnno carry two bales of cotton up that plank. Let's jest see whether you're a carryin' man or a braggin' man."

John Henry went over to the side of the levee, dug each of the hooks into a bale of cotton and swung them on his back. Then he walked up the pier and up the plank, just as easy as you ever saw. Halfway up, though, he hit a slick and stumbled against the guy rope. Big Johnno started to smile, but John Henry just shifted the weight across his shoulders, hunched it back into place and walked on up onto the stage. He stopped at the top, winked at Pollie Ann, and flipped the bales down.

"All right, John Henry," Mr. B. Beau Barton said. "You is hired at a dollar and ten cents a day."

"They's on'y one thing else," John Henry said. "I wants me a dollar ten cents . . . and I wants me passage to New Orleans . . . and I wants me a purty little gal just out'n her teens. You give me the passage, Cap'n, and I'll jes' get my own purty gal."

He smiled, then, big and bold, at Pollie Ann.

Mr. B. Beau Barton looked at Big Johnno, and then he said to John Henry: "You said you was a natural man and you wasn't wrong, but Big Johnno has been my walkin' boss for a long time. Before I give you a dollar ten cents and passage to New Orleans, I got to see you carryin' more cotton than Johnno can. 'Cause it looks like the man that hikes the most cotton up that plank is going to New Orleans with that purty little Pollie Ann from the back country!"

Well, Big Johnno threw two bales of cotton on his back, and three roustabouts sweated and grumbled to get a third bale up on top of them. The walking boss's knees buckled and he wavered as he walked, but he finally got straightened away and started up the plank. The plank went bucking and shaking and tossing Johnno against the guy ropes. He got three-quarters of the way up, though, before the top bale started to topple over. When Big Johnno hopped over to try to keep it in balance, his footing went from under him. The top bale went over first, the other two bales went next, and, finally Johnno himself went toppling over the rope and into the river. The three bales, sank to the bottom and poor Johnno swam ashore.

Well, John Henry, he took three bales of cotton on his back and he walked up that plank, a-bouncing and a-springing like it was, without ever missing a step along the way. When he got to where Big Johnno had slipped, John Henry just broke into a little jig and danced his way up onto the stage. At the edge of the stage, he shuffled around, back and forth, until he was hiding up all three bales with just one hook in his left hand. Then he swung his right arm out and swept up Pollie Ann.

John Henry swung full around—with three bales of cotton on his back and Pollie Ann under one arm—and he looked Big Johnno square in the face. Big Johnno started toward the plank, then he stopped and took a long look at that big man on the edge of the stage. Big Johnno dropped his head and slunk off the levee, and no one ever saw him in Columbia, La., again.

"Ah'm a man of muscles
and a man of sweat.
My strength is from the sun.
I've worked and I've fought,
I've been and I've done,
And I've never been
bested yet."



And that was how John Henry took up with that purty little bit of a thing from the back country, Pollie Ann.

And that was how John Henry became top hand for Mr. B. Beau Barton of the steamboat *Good Gal Irene*. John Henry roused the cotton and called out the rhythm like a good walking boss should:

Man ain't a man 'less he's big and mean—yeh!
Right here's the meadest you ever seen—yeh!

Pollie Ann went back and forth from New Orleans to Columbia with John Henry, but she was always after him—like a woman always is—to leave the levee and settle down. "John Henry," she'd say, "you and me, we're back country folk. We on'y happy livin' on the land like the Good Lord meant it."

And John Henry would say: "Woman, don't beat yo' voice against my ears. I was born on a farm and I worked on a farm and I seen a farm. I was walkin' along behind a mule one day when I was jes' a twelve-year-old, and I seen dat mule doin' all the work, a-pullin' and a-strivin' his muscles against de harness, and I knowed right then that farms were meant for mules, not for natural men." And then John Henry began to sing like this:

Ah'm a man of muscles and a man of sweat,
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I've worked and I've fought,
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"So if you want to stay with me and be my woman," he told her, "you jes' take me for what I am and don't give me no bother. 'Cause there's too many women draggin' back of town for me to put up with the waggin' tongue of no sad woman's daughter."

Well, Pollie Ann was quiet then, and they kept goin' back and forth on the *Good Gal Irene*. But one day Mr. B. Beau Barton come up to John Henry and he say: "John Henry, things is goin' to be a lot more easier from now on. When we land in [On Page 14]

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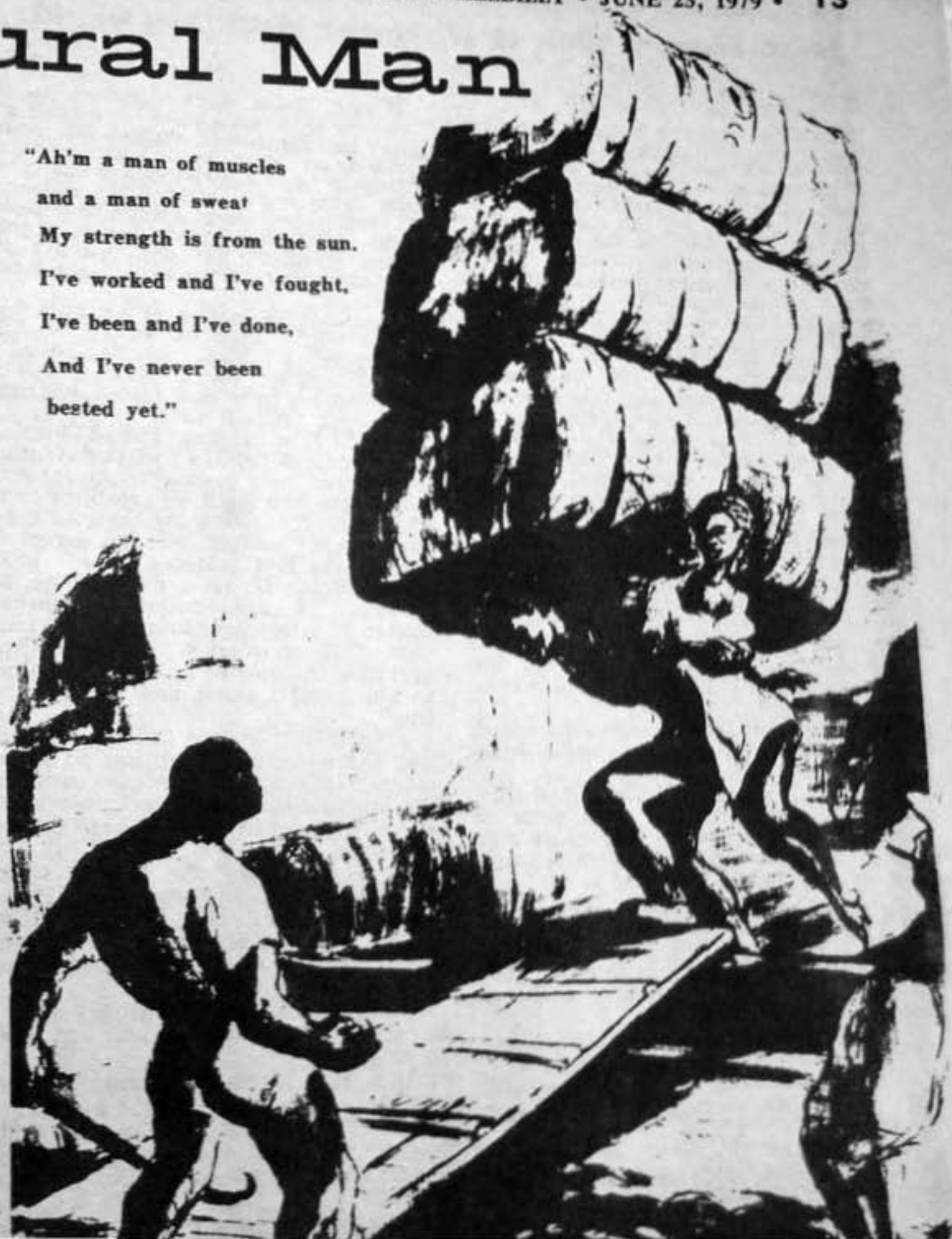
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John Henry Was A Natural Man [From Page 13]

New Orleans they's going to be a winch waiting to help us unload our cotton."

"A winch?" John Henry said.
"A winch," Mr. B. Beau Barton told him. "That's a new machine that will carry the bales off the steamship and put 'em right down on the dock for the shipping company to pick up. I'll have me pulleys instead of bullies, and make me a pile of money."

So at the levee in New Orleans, John Henry watched the one lone bully turn the crank that brought the bales of cotton off the stage, then he went to Mr. B. Beau Barton and said like this: "Mr. B. Beau Barton you been my cap'n and I been your walkin' boss, but a man can't sing out no rhythm to a piece of rope nor holler at a wheel of steel. I can take a bale of cotton and haul it, but what can I do with your winchamacallit?"

And Mr. B. Beau Barton said like this: "John Henry, you been my walkin' boss and I been your cap'n, but times has changed. There was a day for muscle and sweat and that was the day for you. But now is the day for rope and steel, and it looks like you is through."

And he gave John Henry a hundred dollars back pay and he bade John Henry good day.

And Pollie Ann said: "Let's take that hunnert dollars and buy us a piece of land back in the cane brakes, 'cause like Mr. B. Beau Barton has said, the day of muscle and sweat is dead."

And John Henry went to the door. "Where you goin', John Henry?" she said.

"I'm goin' to the back of town to find me a woman who knows how to keep her big mouth shut."

"And when you comin' back, John Henry?"

"I'll be back when I'm back," he told her. "And if you're still here you'll see me comin'."

So Pollie Ann sighed and sat herself down in her old rocking chair and said: "Well, goodbye for now, John Henry. I'll see you when you get back. I'll be right here in this little old chair, rockin' and keepin' track."

John Henry went down to the back of town and into Ben Hardin's gambling room. He lay his money on the mahogany bar and said: "I'm John Henry. I'm a natural man. I'm big and mean and handsome. There's a hunnert dollars in this here roll and I aim to get around some."

The ladies, in their pretty dresses, come gathering around but they all backed off when a big, tall man in a fancy vest come sauntering down. "I'm Ben Hardin, the gambler man, and I've got a deck of cards here. With a hunnert dollars you can walk through the door, but with two hunnert dollars you could get around more. Wouldn't you like a diamond ring for your little finger, a white silk shirt like an opera singer, a tie so red it throws off heat, and alligator shoes that crawl right on your feet? And wouldn't yellow socks look pretty grand next to a big-brimmed hat with a feather in the band?"

John Henry said: "Deal!"
Well, Ben Hardin was a gambling man. When John Henry had come up, Ben Hardin had three deuces. When John Henry had a high straight, Ben Hardin had a low full house.

John Henry had five dollars left and John Henry said: "Deal!"

Well, John Henry had a king in the hole and he caught a king on his last card. Ben Hardin caught an ace.

And John Henry said like this: "Ben Hardin, you're a gambler man, and maybe you got an ace in the hole. But I got a dollar and fourteen cents left and I'm beat. You ain't got a dollar and fourteen cents and I'm better. I got a diamond ring for my little finger, a white silk shirt, a tie so red it throws off heat, and alligator shoes that crawl right on your feet. And wouldn't yellow socks look pretty grand next to a big-brimmed hat with a feather in the band?"

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Well, Ben Hardin was a gambling man. When John Henry had come up, Ben Hardin had three deuces. When John Henry had a high straight, Ben Hardin had a low full house.

Well, John Henry walked to the middle of the hall, stood on a chair and put his big hands around the heavy chandelier that was hanging there. Then he bent that chandelier back until the lights were touching the ceiling.

Well, John Henry walked back to the table and turned over his hole card. "Ben Hardin," he said, looking the gambler man in the eye, "I got a pair of kings."

Ben Hardin looked at his hole card for a while, then he looked at John Henry for a while, then he looked at the chandelier for a while. Then he dropped his eyes and folded his cards and said: "Kings win."

Well, John Henry stayed back of town for five months and 11 days, until a railroad man named Bob Johnston came into Ben Hardin's gambling room. Bob Johnston was a big man, as big as John Henry, and he was flat across the waist. He had calluses on his hands and muscles in his arms, and he was carrying a nine-pound sheephead hammer. And Bob Johnston said like this: "I been workin' on the railroad and now the railroad's done. I'm aimin' to get around some and have a little fun."

John Henry looked at his own hands and there were no calluses there any more. He looked at his own arms and the muscles had gone slack. He looked at his own waist and he saw that the flesh was going soft.

"Bob Johnston," he said, "is railroadin' work for a natural man?"

Bob Johnston said: "I been workin' on the railroad and now the railroad's done. White men and horses melt away in the noonday sun."

"Bob Johnston," John Henry said, "is it work that strains at a man's muscles?"

And Bob Johnston said: "I been workin' on the railroad and I ain't goin' back. They bury two mules and a colored man for every mile of track."

And John Henry said: "Dat's my kind of work, man. I aims to try it. Where does us railroad men go to get hired?"

The railroad man shook his head and said like this: "Mr. Jay Gould saved a dollar a day for a million days, and now he's building the C & O railroad down West Virginia way. Come another month and the railroad crew is gonna hit Big Bend Mountain and start to dig on through. Big Bend Mountain is two miles high and three miles wide. They's gonna fill up de graveyard before dey reach the other side."

John Henry changed into his working dungarees and his leather belt studded with rhinestones. Then he put on his old work shirt, open to let the sun shine on his chest. He tied his fancy clothes in a bundle and gave them to Bob Johnston. He gave his gambling man's diamond ring to one gal and his cornet player's gold ring to another. And then he said: "I'm big and bad and crazy, and work is what I crave. I'll build Mr. Jay Gould's railroad or hammer my fool self into de grave."

When he got back home, Pollie Ann said, so sweetly: "I been sitting here for five months and eleven days while you been gettin' around, John Henry. I been just rockin' and countin' because I know'd you'd be back, dear. You headin' for Big Bend Mountain? I'm already packed."

When they got to West Virginia, John Henry put Pollie Ann up in a room, then followed the railroad track that had already been laid. He had walked for 47 minutes when he met a peg-legged little man walking down the tracks the other way. "Is this the way to the Chesapeake and Ohio?" he said. "I'm John Henry, from head to toes, and I'm meanin' to help Mr. Jay Gould build him his railroad."

"I'm Li'l Alfie," the peg-legged man said, "and listen to what I say. I worked on the C & O for seventeen months, nobody worked there longer. If you is goin' to start in now, you couldn't be any wronger. There's a graveyard planted for every silt, and the graveyard's gonna be bigger. Jay Gould can't get no work done."

And Li'l Alfie said: "Jay Gould's got a million dollars, so does things him be wronger. They picks up colored boys in the jail and put 'em on de chain. Jay Gould's got a million dollars, so does

judge do what he say. De judge sentence dese boys to the C & O until the last length of track is laid. With de Big Bend Mountain right ahead and the sun hot enough to fry dem, it's a rabbit-footed convict that'll live to serve his time."

Well, John Henry heard what he said, and he started to walk on.

"After what I jus' tole you," Li'l Alfie said, hopping after him, "is you still meanin' to work for Jay Gould?"

And John Henry said: "I'm six foot tall, crazy and mean, and I weigh two-hundred pounds. And either I'll be dead this night or them chains will be rustlin' on the ground."

And Li'l Alfie said: "Wait for me."

The hiring boss looked surprised when he saw John Henry. "Well," he said, "we can use big strong men. Grab yourself a hammer from the toolshed and give your name to the timekeeper. We pay fifty cents a day."

"Cap'n, I'm a hammer-swingin' man, and dat's my reference. My wage for a day is a dollar and ten cents."

"We need men," the hiring boss said, walking away. "But we don't pay nobody that kind of wage."

"Not even a man that can do the work of any three men?"

The hiring boss turned back around and looked at John Henry for a while. "You see those men working there?" he said.

Where the convicts were at work, there were four of them in a little circle, chained together at the ankles. Another man held the spike against the rail, then they started to hammer, one after another, in perfect rhythm, shuffling around in their small circle, one hammer landing just as one pulled away. Where the regular railroad men were at work, there were only three hammerers to the circle.

"You think you can drive spikes as fast as my three best men?" the hiring man said. "You show me you can, and you'll get a dollar ten."

And John Henry said: "Faster."

The hiring boss set up the contest, with Li'l Alfie holding the spikes for John Henry. The hiring boss said: "You'll drive ten spikes each when you hear the whistle's bleat. When the tenth spike's in, somebody's beat."

John Henry went to the toolshed to get his hammer, and Li'l Alfie went with him to get ten spikes. And Li'l Alfie said: "Be careful how you swing that thing, 'cause I'm never goin' to heaven."

John Henry said: "Go get them spikes and come back with eleven."

And Li'l Alfie smiled.

John Henry took a 12-pound hammer, with a four-foot handle, and the contest began. The rest of the workers lined up to watch, the convicts on one side and the wage-men on the other. The three-man crew went right to work bangin' the spikes in, while John Henry was still gettin' the feel of the hammer's weight. By the time he had driven four spikes home the other side drove eight.

And then John Henry said: "All right, Li'l Alfie, my hammer's gonna start singin'. Put down them spikes and put 'em down fast and pull away your fingers."

Li'l Alfie stood the spikes on the ground, and John Henry drove each of them down with one great swing of his hammer. By the time the other side had driven their ninth spike in, John Henry had caught them. One more swing and his tenth spike topped them.

And John Henry said: "Li'l Alfie, you got one spik left and they's a hunnert men in irons. We may not get them all loose, but we'll sure be tryin'."

Well, they went down that line of convicts, with Li'l Alfie holding the sharp edge of the spike against the chains, and John Henry setting each convict loose with one crack of his hammer. The convicts all went milling around, not knowing what to do. The hiring boss and the guards came running around too, more scared than mad, but still awful mad.

John Henry said to the hiring boss: "I don't know why you're runnin' around for, Cap'n. These men ain't goin' to run off nowhere, 'cause there ain't no place for them to run off to. These are natural workin' men and they only wants a natural wage for their work. So you jes' put 'em on the payroll at the wage that's right, and we'll teach Big Bend where de sun goes down tonight."

And they did.
But when they came to the shale mountain ridge, all the everything changed. What was do was dig a shaft down into the then tunnel underneath the mountain.
Well, it wasn't spinin' anymore. John Henry say, "I'm a hammer-swingin' man, and dat's my reference. My wage for a day is a dollar and ten cents." "We need men," the hiring boss said, walking away. "But we don't pay nobody that kind of wage." "Not even a man that can do the work of any three men?" The hiring boss turned back around and looked at John Henry for a while. "You see those men working there?" he said.

Where the convicts were at work, there were four of them in a little circle, chained together at the ankles. Another man held the spike against the rail, then they started to hammer, one after another, in perfect rhythm, shuffling around in their small circle, one hammer landing just as one pulled away. Where the regular railroad men were at work, there were only three hammerers to the circle.

"You think you can drive spikes as fast as my three best men?" the hiring man said. "You show me you can, and you'll get a dollar ten."

And John Henry said: "Faster." The hiring boss set up the contest, with Li'l Alfie holding the spikes for John Henry. The hiring boss said: "You'll drive ten spikes each when you hear the whistle's bleat. When the tenth spike's in, somebody's beat."

John Henry went to the toolshed to get his hammer, and Li'l Alfie went with him to get ten spikes. And Li'l Alfie said: "Be careful how you swing that thing, 'cause I'm never goin' to heaven."

John Henry said: "Go get them spikes and come back with eleven."

And Li'l Alfie smiled.

John Henry took a 12-pound hammer, with a four-foot handle, and the contest began. The rest of the workers lined up to watch, the convicts on one side and the wage-men on the other. The three-man crew went right to work bangin' the spikes in, while John Henry was still gettin' the feel of the hammer's weight. By the time he had driven four spikes home the other side drove eight.

And then John Henry said: "All right, Li'l Alfie, my hammer's gonna start singin'. Put down them spikes and put 'em down fast and pull away your fingers."

Li'l Alfie stood the spikes on the ground, and John Henry drove each of them down with one great swing of his hammer. By the time the other side had driven their ninth spike in, John Henry had caught them. One more swing and his tenth spike topped them.

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voice so small that John Henry could hardly hear him:

A man is just a man, I reckon
It am first and tee are second.

Well, John Henry picked up the beat to try to catch up. After the second hour he sang out:

Dat thing expects to spin, L'il Alfie,
But I ain't gonna let her
Tell me de truth now, shaker boy,
Is I doin' any better?

And L'il Alfie said:

I seen a heap of steel-drivin' men,
And you is the last and inmost.
De Lawd have mercy on flesh
and bone.
Dat thing is still goin' faster.

WELL, John Henry knew right there that the 12-pound hammer wasn't heavy enough for him to ever catch the steam drill. He called out for somebody to get him a 20-pounder, and Coke the blacksmith, one of the convicts he had set loose, came running over with it. Coke slipped it into his hand at the top of his backstroke and at the same time he took away the 12-pounder. John Henry kept hammering away, without missing a stroke, and by the end of an hour, the head of the big hammer began to glow with the heat of the pounding. And L'il Alfie sang:

De news is gettin' better, boss,
But, alas, dere's still a lack
We am movin' fast as it,
But it ain't movin' back.

Well, John Henry was going as fast as any man could go, and he had the heaviest hammer made. So, as he was hammering, he sang out again:

This hammer's a thing of beauty,
Coke,
But one hammer jes' won't do
To beat the steam drill down, Coke
I've got to have me two.

Well, Coke the blacksmith dragged up another 20-pound hammer, and John Henry reached out and grabbed it in his left hand without ever missing a stroke with his right.

Well, John Henry hammered away, a 20-pounder in each hand, and he looked like a man swimming in dark water through a sea of molasses. He was driving his hammer home as fast as the machine now, and he was hitting much harder. And he sang out:

L'il Alfie, you better be nimble
Shaker, you better pray
For if I miss dis six-foot steel
Tomorrow'll be yo' buryin' day
Lawd, Lawd,
It'll surely be yo' buryin' day.

Well, he kept on driving them hammers home like a human windmill, and in another hour, L'il Alfie sang:

John Henry you're a natural man,
It don't take no more provin'
John Henry, we dose caught
that thing,
And look at us nowin'.

When John Henry heard that, he began to wheel them two hammers around ever faster. A low, hissing, rumbling sound seemed to come from the tunnel and the men began to look to the ceiling and back away toward the shaft door. The hiring boss yelled

to John Henry to get ready to start running, but John Henry yelled back:

Don't you worry, Cap'n,
Dis tunnel won't cave in
De noise you hear am jes' my
hammers
Anshetlin' is the wind
Lawd, Lawd,
Anshetlin' is the wind.

Well, John Henry whistled past that steam drill and kept on driving. The hammers turned to fire red and the heat crawled up the handles and into his hands. And the steam drill began to sputter a little, and then it began to pop. And finally it caught on a ledge of rock and slowly pattered to a stop. The railroad man let out a great roar for John Henry, but only L'il Alfie could see by the light of the hammers that John Henry was beginning to moon with every breath and winter with every stroke of the hammer. And only L'il Alfie could see, by the light of the two hammers, that blood was bubbling up in John Henry's mouth.

But John Henry just said: "We beat that damn machine, L'il Alfie. Shaker boy, we won. Jes' twenty-three more strokes, till we break out to de sun."

L'il Alfie looked at those smoking hammers, and he said: "I tell you somethin' true as life, and John Henry, you better be believin'. You lay those hammers down, boy, or Pollie Ann will be grievin'. You lay those hammers down right now, or Pollie will be grievin'."

Well, John Henry spit a stream of blood and this is what he said: "If Pollie Ann grieves, boy, she'll find another man. And if John Henry dies, boy, dey'll hire another hand. I tell you, L'il Alfie, dis world is growin' strange. Dey's some men run machines, boy, and dey's other men in chains. Dey's some men are white, boy, and some men dey is brown. So let's break out to de good, fresh air before de sun does down."

WELL, John Henry drove those 20-pound hammers 23 more times, and each stroke was red with pain. And on the 23rd stroke his hammer blasted the six-inch steel drill out into the sun.

John Henry crawled through the hole and out into the fresh air and he climbed up to the top of the hill, and he was all bent over, every step of the way, from holding his guts in. But at the top of the hill, where the sun shone the brightest he straightened himself up, raised his hands high, took a deep breath of the good fresh air—and fell slowly to the earth.

And back in her shack, Pollie Ann grew cold with fear, and she always claimed she heard the voice of John Henry telling her: "I'm big and bad and lonesome, and I'm headin' straight for hell. A man's no better'n he ought to be. Farewell, Pollie Ann, farewell."

Well, John Henry's body came tumbling down the hill, out of the sunshine and down into the fill at the bottom of the hill, where the railroad dead were buried. L'il Alfie knelt down beside the body to pray, and he always claimed he heard the voice of John Henry telling him:

"Don't weep for me, old pegleg, don't bother with no prayer.
I don't wanna go to heaven, 'cause de natural men ain't dere.
Don't take me up to heaven, please,
Lawd,
'Less de natural men am dere."

that would mean, is long gone. Scrap, perhaps, that went into the shells which blasted away at the Germans. Maybe not. Could be it held out to the very last until the U.K. railroads, as our roads have done, went to diewels. Anyway, it's a pretty thing, a ten wheeler, and I'll bet could step off a hundred per with no trouble at all.

Now that all of that is taken care of, let's contemplate a little as to how this postal card came into the hands of John Duffy. He said nothing of this. Just sent it along because it had a picture of a locomotive on the front. Maybe he never even read the message on the back. To me, to contemplate what has taken place with "Master Max," Cousin Lola, and Everett, is the real interest. Such a personal message and to a young boy the picture of such a fine locomotive of the time should have been a prized possession.

Maybe "Master Max" became an "engine driver." Boys of that day had those dreams as they watched the trains go whizzing by with the "driver" a wave of the hand, maybe a friendly toot on the whistle, all to stimulate imagination of far places and strange doings.

Not being a train buff it's not likely John Duffy chose the postal card from some collection for the picture. Maybe he was a soldier, and Air Corpsman, or in some other capacity, was in England during World War II. Maybe even knew Master Max. In any case he sent me a postal card with the engine picture which stimulated my imagination no end.

1911 is a long time ago, Edward the VII had not long before passed away. King George 5th was now King. All of that is history and we know it. World War I was only three years away. Such stupendous events and all of these historical memories provoked by a simple post card from the hands of a stranger, a stranger who doesn't even have the same interest as I.

In conclusion, I wonder if "Master Max" was actually looking forward to school? An American boy, I'd say no. English, maybe yes. But what did the English boy have to look forward to? Wars, bombings, and maybe dying on some far off battle field and became as Rupert Brook, the poet said, "Forever a part of England." Yes, that might have been it. I'm sure we'll never know the mystery of the people with the long ago postal card mailed in England and ending in the hands of an imaginative railroad columnist. It's a priceless and I'm glad to share it with you even to the thoughts of my feelings of the card, the people, and of John Duffy.

wars, bombings, and all the misery of that sort of thing. The message on the card which follows, would indicate that "Master Max" was a rail fan.

The message reads:
"Dear Max, Everett said you would prefer the engine so here it is. I suppose you are looking forward to school again now."

The signature, "Love from Cousin Lola and Everett," isn't it something and to have this personal communication between relatives to one's own

possession after all these years? What has happened to young Max and Cousin Lola in the meantime? And Everett, who knew of Max's penchant for railroad pictures?

Max, the boy, was probably a little young for World War I, but Cousin Everett was probably just about right, or maybe World War II.

Maybe Max was one of the flyers of the Royal Air Force which staved off Hitler's chance to bring England to her knees. Maybe, too, he was at Dunkirk

and maybe he didn't survive the war at all. It all seems so much a mystery, this postal card, and the people involved, it's hard to contemplate what may have happened to the individuals. Individuals with a feeling for each other and the desire to communicate with the postal card carrying the message.

There's one thing for sure, the old Viscount Churchill, the locomotive with the funny designation like "six coupled bogie," whatever in the world

The History of the Greenbrier Branch

By William P. McNeel
Part 12

I must say the passenger business on the Greenbrier Branch described two weeks ago was not due to potential passenger traffic. The major reason was the forests of the Upper Greenbrier Valley and the potential traffic to be derived from the development of this timber resource. As already mentioned one of the major factors that assured the building of the Greenbrier was the plans of the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company to supply its new pulp mill from Cheat Mountain. The beginning dates for the pulpwood shipments (January 28, 1901) and start-up of the big Cass mill (January, 1902) have also been given.

The Cass mill was not the first to begin shipping lumber on the new railroad. The Greenbrier Valley Lumber Co. (a John T. McGraw creation) already had a mill at Marlinton when the C&O track arrived. (This mill was located above town across from the mouth of Stony Creek.) Small sawmills, using circular saws, went into operation at August in 1901, Hosterman in 1902, and Harter in 1903.

The next of the big band mills to begin operating after the Cass mill was the mill of the M.P. Bock Lumber Company near B...

The traffic to and from the mills and tanneries as well as the hauling of agriculture products and the needs, of the business community made the Greenbrier branch a very busy piece of railroad. As early as October 1901 the Hinton Daily News reported that the amount of freight on the Greenbrier "far reaches the most sanguine



Cass when the town was

expectations and is a cause of wonderment." The completion of the Coal and Iron Railroad to Durbin from Elkins in August 1903 provided additional traffic that was interchanged with that line.

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when the C&D track arrived. (This mill was located above town across from the mouth of Stony Creek.) Small sawmills, using circular saws, went into operation at August in 1901, Hosterman in 1902, and Harter in 1903.

The next of the big band mills to begin operating after the Cass mill was the mill of the M.P. Bock Lumber Company near Boyer Siding in 1902. (This mill, like several others in the valley, went under several different ownerships, the last being the Norht Fork Lumber Co.)

The Campbell Lumber Company began operating its band mill near Marlinton in March 1905. The same year saw the start-up of the mills of the George Craig and Sons Lumber Co. at Winterburn and the Warn Lumber Co. at Mill Point. By the next year the band mills of the E.V. Dunlevie Lumber Co. at Watoga and the circular saw mill of the DeRan Lumber Co. at Clover Lick were producing products in need of rail transport.

Before the end of the decade the small mill of the John Raine Lumber Co. near Mill Point (1907) and the band mills of the Maryland Lumber Co. at Deer Creek (both 1910) had started production. In addition to these larger mills numerous small, portable saw mills scattered about the countryside added their production to the traffic on the Greenbrier line.

The other major industry to come with the railroad was tanning, attracted by the supply of hemlock and spruce bark needed in the tanning process. The tannery at Durbin started operations in 1904 and the Marlinton tannery in 1905.

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Details on freight operations are not too well known as the running of freight trains varied considerably depending upon the amount of traffic. An employees timetable for June 1905 lists, in addition to the two passenger trains each way, a freight train each way operating six days a week. A news item in

Cass when the town was all work and no play the pocahontas Times same time reports A train will operate Marlinton and many years there pulpwood run and the paper mill ton.

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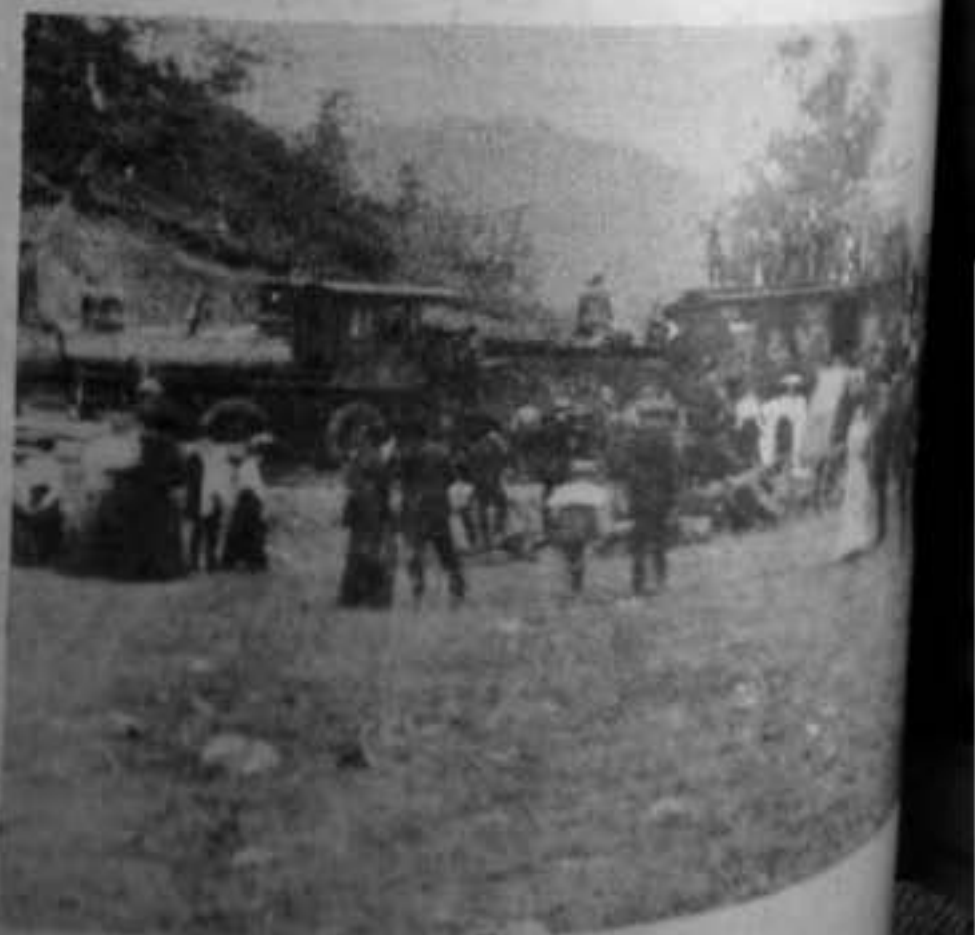
Huffin' & Puffin'

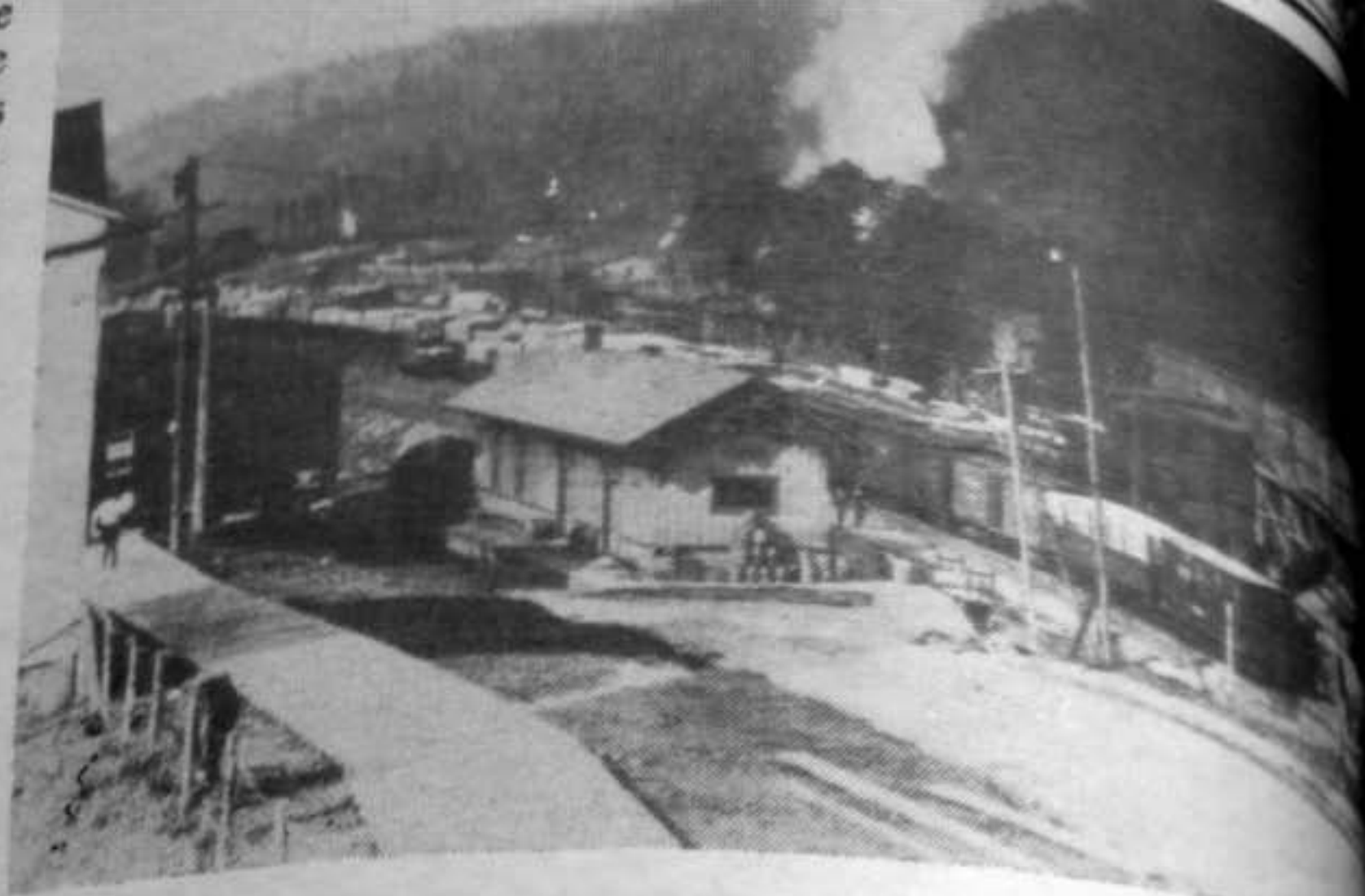
345 E. McMurray Rd.
McMurray, Pa. 15317

While the track of the narrow gauge Waynesburg & Washington Railroad is almost gone (it's being removed by the J & L Machinery Co. of Beckley, W. Va.) its No. 4 built by Cooke in 1916 has been restored and ran on October 1, 1978 on the property of its

owner, the Historic Greene Co. (Pa.)

Enclosed is a photo (actually 2nd No. 4) was built in 1916 Pittsburgh Locomotive with Tim Spangler throttle. Tim, Bob Brendel winter.





Cass when the town was all work and no play.

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the pocahontas Times about the same time reports that additional freight service is to be provided. A train will operate between Marlinton and Durbin. For many years there were trains of pulpwood run between Marlinton and the paper mill at Cass.

Although great strides in road safety had been made in the latter part of the 1800's, it was still fairly dangerous an occupation as the 20th century opened. The

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PURTIEST GIRL YOU EVER SAW SIPPIN' CIDER THRU A STRAW

Dick Henderson, who is the voice of good relations for Union Carbide, a company that keeps lots of West Virginians eating, has at last found time to comply with Hillbilly's standing request that he continue the series of pretty girl pictures that used to come from that office years ago. He just happened to have on hands this picture of Debbie Burdette of Sissonsville, who just happens to be sipping from a special mug with an outline of the State of West Virginia and a Cardinal bird on one side and a Union Carbide hexagon on the other. It also happens that Debbie is a pretty girl, that she recently graduated from Marshall U where she just happened to be a majorette for the Thundering Herd marching band. But it isn't just happening that Hillbilly will be using more pretty girls than one from now on, because we asked for it and Uncle Dick Henderson is going to comply.

History of the Greenbrier Branch

By William P. McNeel
Part 13

Greenbrier line is a period that can be characterized as a little boring history-wise. The line remained very busy but with little change in operations and few of the high and low points that make exciting reading.

Traffic, both freight and passenger, to and from points on the branch remained good. Although a number of the major lumber companies that had begun operation in the first years after the railroad was built finished the cutting of their timber lands and closed their mills, other mills started up to fill the void. The Campbell Lumber Co. mill near Marlinton sawed its last log in February 1914, the Watoga Lumber Company at Watoga finished in either 1914 or 1915, and the Warn Lumber Co. at Mill Point completed its operation there in 1913. To compensate for the closing of these mills, big band mills operated by the Spice Run Lumber Co., at Spice Run, began sawing in 1913 and the F.S. Wise Lumber Co. started at Clover Lick in August 1913. The Warns moved to a new location, Raywood, and started up in June 1915 and a smaller opera-

tion, the American Columbia and Lumber Co., opened their circular mill at Buckeye in February 1915.

The W.Va. Public Service Commission was organized in 1913 to regulate utilities in the state, including railroads. The first case to come before the PSC that involved the Greenbrier line was interesting, even if not earth shattering. The Marlinton and Academy Telephone Co. filed a complaint in July 1913 against the C&O and the Ronceverte and Elkins Telephone Co. The complainant charged the railroad had allowed the R&E Telephone Co. to place a phone in the Seebert station but had refused it permission to do so. The C&O replied that it had a contract with the R&E Co. giving them the exclusive privilege to install a phone in the station. After a ruling in favor of the M&A Telephone Co. on the basis of common law, the railroad allowed one of their phones to be installed. A similar complaint was filed by the Marlinton and Clover Lick Telephone Company concerning a phone in the Clover Lick station early in 1914. Again the phone company was allowed to install its phone.

Passenger service during the 1911-20 period remained as it had since 1903 with two trains

each way between Ronceverte and Durbin Monday through Saturday and one each way on Sunday. In 1917 two of the trains were discontinued about 4 months. In June the C&O received permission to discontinue #141 and #142 morning train from Durbin and evening train from Ronceverte which operated seven days a week. The railroad cited a shortage and increased cost of labor and materials needed to maintain the service as well as the extra demands being put on its track and equipment to move the men and supplies needed in the war effort. To compensate, at least in part, for the loss of these trains, Sunday service was added to the schedule on the other two.

In this day of the automobile and good roads it is difficult to realize the effect of the trains being discontinued. How much of the life of the community was organized around their schedules. Efforts were soon underway to have the trains restored and September the PSC ordered that this be done as soon as the immediate needs of the government were over. The trains were put back on in October on a one day schedule and the other reverted back to six days a week.

Search for the Elusive Word Hillbilly

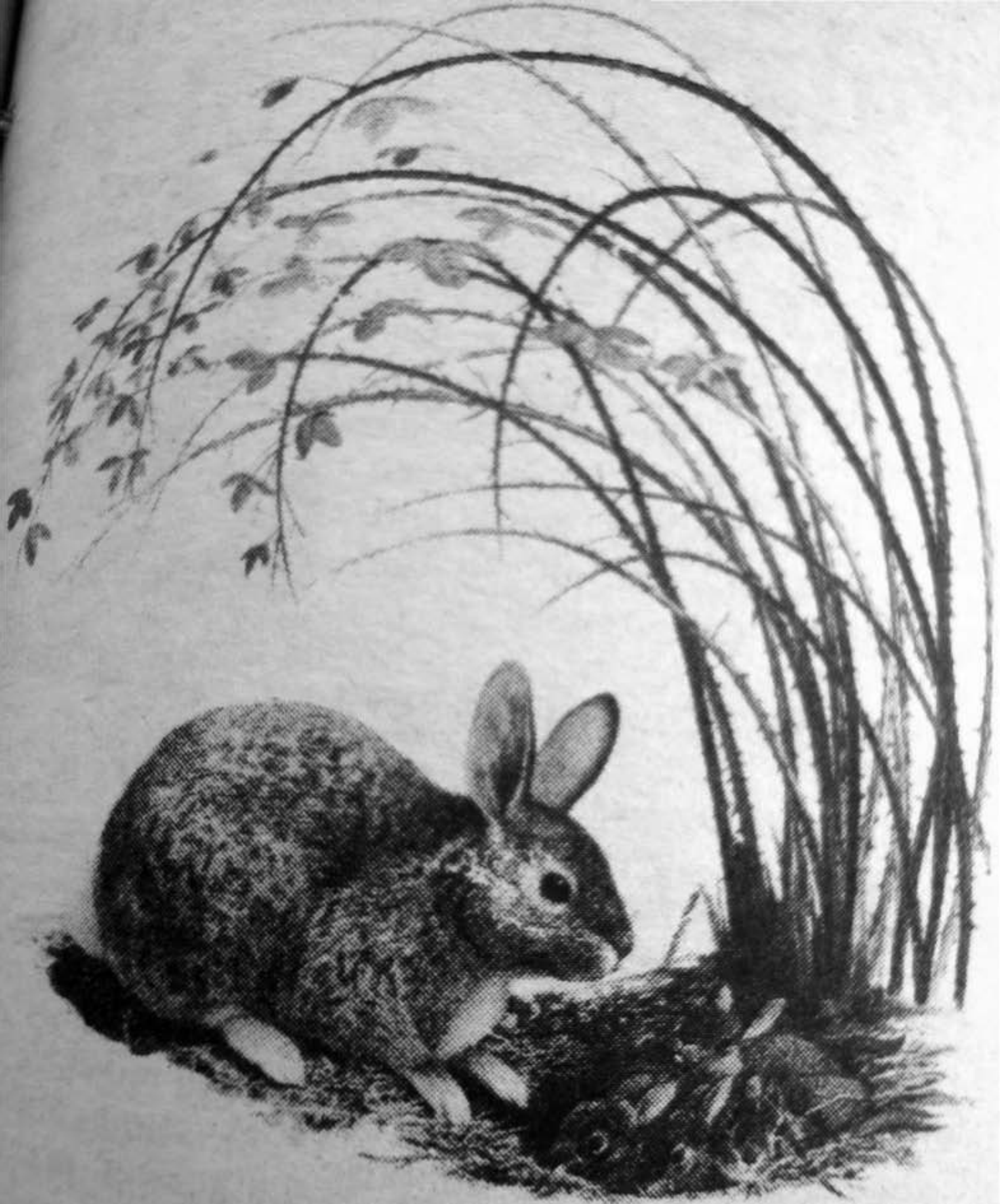
At the West Virginia Day celebration in Parkersburg, the editor talked with Darrel Sheline about the origin of the word "hillbilly." Mr. Sheline said that he had been interested for years in authenticating the word and its first use, contending that it came from his native town of Dowagiac, Michigan. The editor asked him to put on paper what he knew about it and this is his compliance with the request.

"According to either Michigan State College or the University of Michigan [I forget which], it started with a farmer named Wilbur Hill who lived just outside Dowagiac, Michigan [named after Chief Doe-wah-jack]. Wilbur Hill was supposedly an eccentric person who came into town once a month to get supplies. People picked on him and he would take a bull whip to them or chase them with the bull whip [so the story goes]. People called him Bill Hill and later, Hillbilly. After his death, they named the hill where his farm was located, Wilbur Hill. It is still called that to this day.

"Dowagiac is my home town. My mother still lives on the same farm where I was born. Her farm is east of Dowagiac and Wilbur Hill is south.

"I found that the people of Dowagiac know little or refuse to know any of this legend. When I was at a recent class reunion, I made mention that they should authenticate it and then promote it. The reply was, 'Darrel, if you like it so damn much, take it to West Virginia with you.' I said, It is already there.

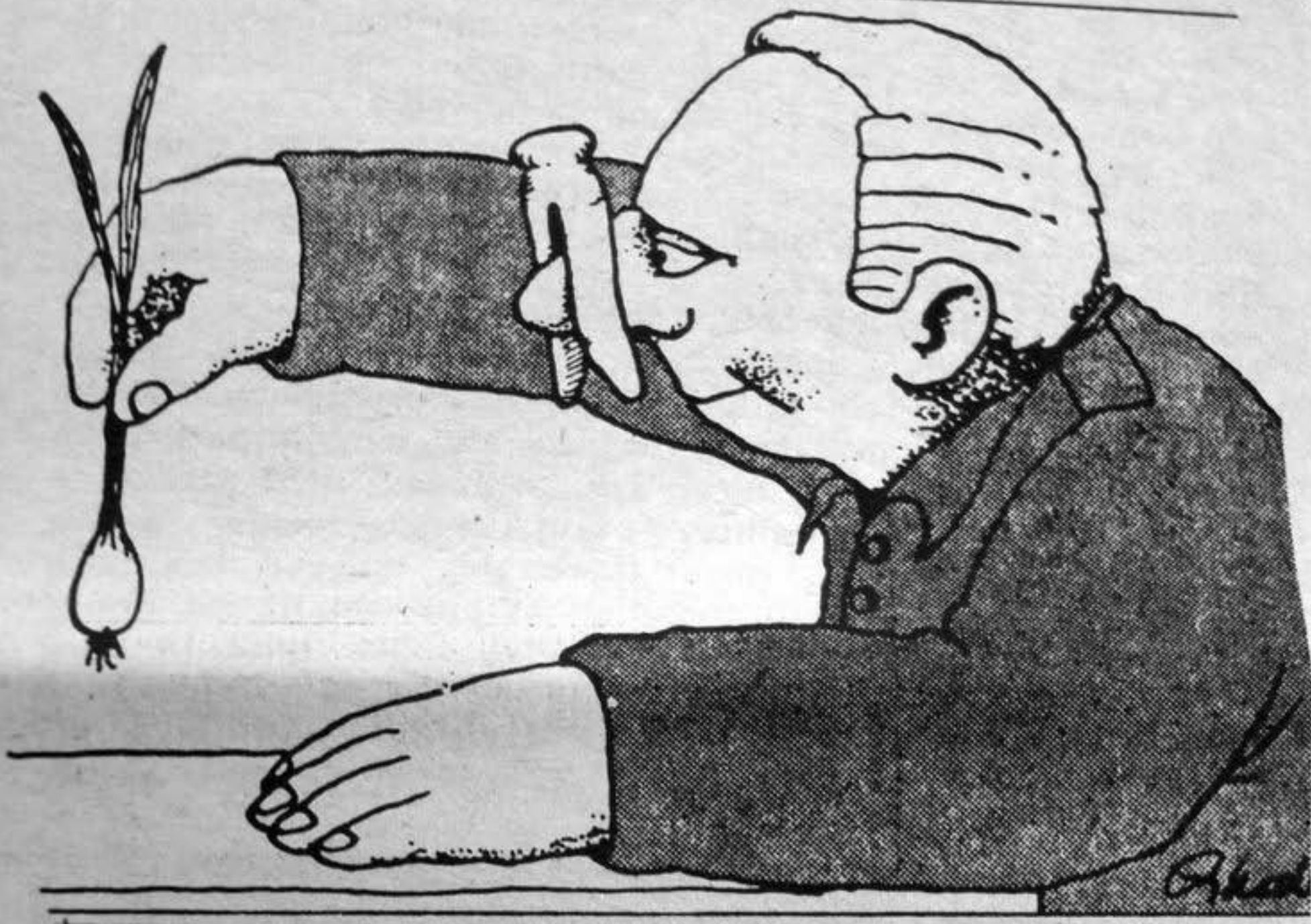
"Since the third edition of Webster's Dictionary gives the definition as a backwoods area person, may indicate that maybe Michigan was not so proud of it."



RAY, F. H.

His Best by a Hare

In his latest masterpiece, Ray Harm has brought his art right to your back yard, or at least to Mr. McGregor's cabbage patch, with another of his family portraits of the Animal Kingdom. This latest is the rabbit family, the darlingest picture ever designed for a wall. Of this 24 x 20 job [\$80 framed from Hillbilly Bookshop] Ray says: Cottontails are named such because of their conspicuous tail of course. When they bound off in the near darkness [when they are most often about and feeding] the snow white tail is often the only thing the observer can see. Surely this aids young or other rabbits in time of danger as a signal. The doe may bear anywhere from two to eight fawns in a litter and in the southern part of our country, they may easily have three litters in a year.



The Lore Called "Ramp"

When the Richmond Times-Dispatch printed a story on ramps in a recent issue, the editor assigned staff artist Martin Rhodes to illustrate it. For its use we are indebted to a former Webster Springs native, Charles Hamilton, who worked himself up to managing editor of the two Richmond dailies, and who is now retired to the golf course, the trout stream, and to the garden. He is trying desperately to find time in his busy retirement to write for Hillbilly a biography of a fellow townsman, the late Paul Bunyon Criss, who had the enviable job of going all over the United States telling woodhicks that the best ax in the world was the Kelly's axe which was made in Charleston. Mr. Criss proved the sharpness of his axe by shaving any man who would let him. Among such brave souls that Hillbilly knows of, and who survived, were Ed Buck of Richwood, and Hans McCourt of Webster Springs.

SONGS to SING

as you **SPEED** along

at

55 mph



Sing -

"Highways are Happy Days."

at

65 mph



Sing -

"I'm but a stranger here - Heaven is my Home."

at

75 mph



Sing -

"When the role is called up yonder I'll be there."

at

85 mph



Sing -

"LORD, I'm coming home"

"Don't let your HORSE POWER run away with your HORSE SENSE"

Railroad Town Cass Will Live Again

Cass, the Pocahontas railroad town, seventy years ago was a thriving lumbering town complete with operating mill and some 106 houses in which lived 450 people. Today's population is only 35, and the State of West Virginia is getting ready to reduce the town to zero population.

The entire town's 102 houses, 625 acres of land, and an abandoned saw mill were recently purchased for 1.5 million dollars from the Don Mower Lumber Company, by the state, which envisions the restoration of Cass to 1910 vintage.

If the vision becomes a reality, the restored houses will become "second" homes for vacationers. The old mill will be a logging museum. The logging track will become a six-mile paved road between Cass and the Snowshoe Ski Resort, bringing an added dimension to this vacation paradise.

The state would auction off 50-year, renewable leases for the houses with the lease holder responsible for restoring the frame, two or three bedroom structure to its 1910 appearance by installing "air-bubble" distortion glass, wooden sidewalks and picket fences. The exteriors must be

painted in a 1910 color scheme.

The money for the purchase of the town came from the Federal Bureau of Outdoor Recreation and the Appalachian Regional Commission. But the funds for the restoration and laying of sewer lines must come from the State budget. So far the Legislature has not appropriated the \$1 million needed.

The state already operates the Cass Scenic Railroad which attracts between 85,000 and 90,000 tourists a year who make the trip up Cheat Mountain on the old steam engine logging railroad. According to present plans, when restoration is complete, the Scenic Railroad will connect with the old Western Maryland Railroad line and take passengers to Snowshoe from Cass via the Slatyfork access road. Everything now hinges on the appropriation of the necessary funds from the Legislature and meanwhile, the restoration is just a vision of a handful of supporters.

Logging South Cheat

Detailed history of the CASS, which became

Camps, 2 MAPS

Oil From Coal in a Hurry, But How Fast Is a Hurry?

"Oil From Coal — in a Hurry," was the lead editorial in the June 15 issue of "The Washington Post" as major news media and political leaders, aroused like the public by long gas lines, began demanding government action to hasten production of oil and gas from coal.

"During the last few months," said energy consultant Harry Perry at a June 19 meeting of the ARC Energy Policy Guidance Council, we went from synthetics being a no-no to the point where everybody is scrambling to get there first."

Intercepted Coal Letter

Spencer

Charleston Gazette
Charleston, W. Va.

Dear Editor:

I am writing this letter referring to the advertisement "Why not coal?" which appeared in the Gazette on June 26. How many of the 22 companies listed in this advertisement are using other forms of energy or diesel fuel which could be replaced by coal? For instance, the railroads started out using coal. Could they not go back to using coal and save the fuel that they now use for the people? Why not coal?

David Reed

There is general agreement that the U.S. has abundant coal to meet our energy needs for at least the next several centuries, that the technology is available to convert coal to oil and gas, that the United States will never again produce enough natural oil to meet its needs and that there is in place in the country billions of dollars of equipment which can burn only oil or gas, not coal.

There seems to be general agreement that the sharp upward trend in the cost of imported oil will continue to the point that synthetic oil and gas, while not competitive now, will be able to compete in price with foreign oil in the years ahead.

Both government leaders and private specialists have been struggling with the problem of getting capital invested now in synthetic plants which will become competitive at some uncertain future date. Three categories of government action have been suggested:

- Some form of federal investment of capital in synthetic plants, like those now being planned in Morgantown, West Virginia, and Kentucky. Legislation is pending in the Congress to provide such capital for the West Virginia liquefaction plant and the Kentucky gasification plant.

- A federal commitment to purchase certain quantities from any synthetic plants fin-

anced with private capital. The Defense Production Act now pending in the Congress would provide for such purchases by the Department of Defense.

- Government construction and operation of synthetic plants, as it did to increase production of aluminum and synthetic rubber during World War II. The government subsequently recovered most of its investment in those industries when it turned them over to private enterprise.

The Energy Policy Guidance Council is developing a resolution for ARC which would declare Commission support for synthetic fuels development. The council, comprised of representatives from all Appalachian states, guides the Commission's energy program initiatives.

Old Likker in a New Jug

THE GNAT AND THE BULL

Upon a Bull's horn once there sat
A consequential little Gnat.
And, as he was about to fly,
He buzzed unto the Bull, "Good-bye,
May I go now?" "You tiny Hum,"
Said Bull, "I didn't know you'd come."



Some people in their lives and labors
Seem larger to themselves than to their neighbors.

THE MOUNTAIN IN LABOR

A Mountain was in great distress and loud.
She roared and rumbled, till there rushed a crowd
Of peasants, kings, and princes, looking at her
And wondering what of all things was the matter,
When mid her pangs there issued from her side
A Mouse—who gave one little squeak and died.

The moral here is learned and occult—
The bigger fuss, the smaller the result.



THE SHEPHERD-BOY AND THE WOLF

A Shepherd-boy beside a stream
"The Wolf, the Wolf," was wont to scream,
And when the Villagers appeared,
He'd laugh and call them silly-eared.
A Wolf at last came down the steep—
"The Wolf, the Wolf—my legs, my sheep!"
The creature had a jolly feast,
Quite undisturbed, on boy and beast.

For none believes the liar, forsooth,
Even when the liar speaks the truth.

day.

Where Has My Little Dog Gone?

Oh, where, oh, where has my
little dog gone,

Oh, where, oh where can he be?
With his tail cut short and his
ears cut long,

Oh, where, oh where can he be?

My little dog always waggles his
tail,

Whenever he wants his grog,
And if the tail were more strong
than he,

Why the tail would waggle the
dog.

My. Bonnie

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
My Bonnie lies over the sea,
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me,
Bring back, bring back, bring
back my Bonnie to me,
Bring back, bring back, oh, bring
back my Bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamed that my Bonnie was
dead;

Oh, bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me,
Bring back, bring back,
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me.

Funiculi, Funicula

Some think the world is made for
fun and frolic,
And so do I, and so do I,
Some think it well to be all
melancholic,
To pine and sigh, to pine and sigh
But I, I love to spent my time in
singing,

Polly-Wolly-Doodle

**Oh, I went down South for to see
my Sal,**

**Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the
day,**

**My Sally am a spunky girl,
sing Polly-woodle-doodle all the
day.**

**Fare thee well, fare thee well,
Fare thee well, my fairy fay,
for I'm going to Louisiana,
For to see my Susianna,
sing Polly-woolly-doodle all the
day.**

Long, Long Ago

Tell me the tales that to me were
so dear,

Long, long ago, long, long ago,
Sing me the songs I delighted to
hear,

Long, long ago, long, long ago,
Now you are come, all my grief is
removed,

Let me forget that so long you
have roved,

Let me believe that you love as
you loved,

Long, long ago, long ago.

History of the Greenbrier Branch Railroad

By William P. McNeel

Part 15

The 1930's brought the Great Depression to the Greenbrier Valley as it did elsewhere and its effects were soon felt on the Greenbrier Branch.

The new decade was only a few months old when the C&O applied to the Public Service Commission in April, 1930 for permission to discontinue trains #141 and #144, the evening train from Ronceverte and morning train from Durbin. The Railroad cited increasing losses in operating these trains and improvement in local roads making the need for them less great. A loss of \$14,500 was given for 1929 and an estimated loss of \$25,000 for 1930 based on the first months of the year. Judging by The Pocahontas Times the C&O's application was not unexpected nor strongly opposed. There was concern about those living north of Marlinton, for whom the train was a convenience; express service as these trains carried the express; and Sunday service as these were the only trains to run on Sunday. Although the railroad could do nothing about the first concern, changes in the express service on the main line enabled express to be put on trains #142 and #143 with a slight improvement in arrival time. To provide Sunday service the C&O agreed to run the other trains on Sunday. The PSC granted permission to discontinue the trains at the end of June and they made their last run on July 20.

The next attempt by the C&O to reduce the operating costs of passenger service on the Greenbrier was vigorously opposed. In July

tinued Sunday operation of trains #142 and #143.

The depression, as would be expected, caused a decline in freight traffic on the Greenbrier. As indicated previously local freight had declined during the 1920's with the closing of most of the major sawmills along the branch and increasing competition from trucks as roads improved. Only three large sawmills were in operation in 1930 and two of these soon closed. The Marlin Lumber Company mill at Stillwell had ceased running on a regular basis by 1932 and the Spring Creek Lumber Company closed its mill in 1934. Only the big mill of the W.Va. Pulp and Paper Company at Cass continued to operate throughout the depression years. The Marlinton Tannery closed in 1930 and was to remain idle for 10 years due to the depression. The Durbin Tannery remained in operation during these years.

As with other periods your author has only scanty information on freight train operations during the 1930's. An employees timetable for July 1932 gives only one freight operating each way each day except Sunday. Timetables, of course, don't tell the entire story on freight service as many freight trains are run as "extra" trains. However, the difference between this timetable and the one for 1927 mentioned in Part 13 does show the decline of traffic.

In July 1933 the Railroad asked the Interstate Commerce Commission to approve the abandonment of

Railroad



in the H

collision on December 21, 1933, left one person dead and other seriously injured. Wood was blinded by the fire and drove in front of the passenger train at Bartow. He was injured and his mother-in-law, who was in the car, was killed in the collision.

On July 29, 1933, Zeph Griggs, 14, was hit and killed by a train near Denmark while asleep near the track. E. Spankle, 36, was killed in a similar way on September 1, 1934. He was lying on the ground below Watoga and was struck by the passenger train.

The engine of the freight train struck and killed W. Hayslett, Sr., on August 1, 1938. He was walking near his home in Marlinton and it is thought death prevented him from seeing the train approach.

Either train derailed or was no longer considered worthy of the C&O going into the 1930's with a new

the express service as these were the only trains to run on Sunday. Although the railroad could do nothing about the first concern, changes in the express service on the main line enabled express to be put on trains #142 and #143 with a slight improvement in arrival time. To provide Sunday service the C&O agreed to run the other trains on Sunday. The PSC granted permission to discontinue the trains at the end of June and they made their last run on July 20.

The next attempt by the C&O to reduce the operating costs of passenger service on the Greenbrier was vigorously opposed. In July of 1932 the Railroad sought authority to discontinue trains #142 and #143 and provide passenger, mail and express service with cars attached to daily freight trains. Hearings were held in Charleston and Marlinton on this matter. The outcome was that the C&O agreed to withdraw the request for mixed train service and in September was given permission to discon-

during the 1930's. An employees timetable for July 1932 gives only one freight operating each way each day except Sunday. Timetables, of course, don't tell the entire story on freight service as many freight trains are run as "extra" trains. However, the difference between this timetable and the one for 1927 mentioned in Part 13 does show the decline of traffic.

In July 1933 the Railroad asked the Interstate Commerce Commission to approve the abandonment of almost three miles of the Greenbrier Branch from Bartow to Winterburn. I have not yet found the exact date of the actual abandonment of this part of the Greenbrier line but assume it was not too long after the Railroad made its application.

Although this decade was free from deaths of either passengers or employees there were, tragically, deaths associated with train operations during this period. A car/train

Something New Is Something
Fifty-Eight Years Old

The Hatfield-McCoy Feud

The Literary Digest for March 12, 1921 47

TWO RAZORBACKS AND THE SOUTH'S BIGGEST FEUD

TWO INNOCENT RAZORBACK HOGS started the famous Hatfield-McCoy feud that raged for nearly thirty years in the West Virginia-Kentucky mountains, and is now recalled by the recent death of "Devil Anse" Hatfield, who led his clan in all their fights with the McCoy's. The most tragic war between families of modern times, the story of this feud forms a terrible, tho picturesque chapter in the history of the two States where it took place. Conditions in these mountains are different to-day, we are told, and family feuds a thing of the past. The Hatfield-McCoy fracas was the last of its kind and it was also the greatest. The records show that it resulted in twenty-six known deaths and an untold number of "disappearances" of sturdy young mountaineers who shouldered their rifles and departed into the hills to "get" their enemies and never came back. At its height, back in the eighties, it was an orgy of robbery, arson, assault, and wholesale murder which would seem to have had one of our modern "crime waves" looking like a mere ripple. It reached a point at last where West Virginia and Kentucky, as States, took up the quarrel and are said almost to have come to civil war over it. The Hatfields won at last, principally because they outnumbered the McCoy's. Only a single descendant of the McCoy line is said to live in the Kentucky hills now. Their leader, Old Rand'l McCoy, died some time ago, his body wrecked by the ravages of years of fighting. Old "Devil Anse," the Hatfield leader, who took a personal part in more fights than any other member of either clan, always said he would die a natural death—and he did. The region where the Hatfield-McCoy drama was staged is wild and mountainous, says a reviewer of the feud in the *Kansas City Star*. "It has a hundred hidden recesses lending themselves to the sort of warfare carried on by the feudists. Pines grow there, stately, but imparting somberness to a landscape described as radiating beauty, but not cheer. Through the heart of the region runs the Tug River, which figures largely in the story of the feud. On adjoining farms on a branch of this river lived Rando'ph McCoy and Floyd Hatfield nearly fifty years ago, and here began the big feud, of whose origin we read:

One day Hatfield saw two "razorback" hogs feeding on the mountainside.

"They're mine," he decided. "Leastwise they ain't no one else's. I'll put 'em with mine."

Which he straightway did.

"Rand'l" McCoy passed the Hatfield hog-pen some days later.

"What' you doin' with those two hogs of mine, Hatfield?" he demanded.

"They're not your hogs."

"They are too," McCoy asserted. "I know my animals when I see 'em. I'll law you for those two hogs."

He fled out for the hogs, and the case was tried in the mountains but of "Preacher Anse" Hatfield, justice of the peace and a relative of Floyd Hatfield and "Devil Anse," bill Stayton, whom the Hatfields called their "mixed-blooded kin," swore falsely at the trial and McCoy lost it. Stayton and McCoy fought after the decision.

The bad blood had started and it could not be stopt. Every time Stayton met the McCoy's they clashed; the Hatfields naturally took Stayton's side, and the McCoy's retaliated by nicknameing Floyd Hatfield "Hog Thief Floyd" and getting the same adopted for him over the countryside.

Resentment between the members of the two clans from that time on took place every little while. Fighting with fists and clubs, knife-thrusting, and even rifle-fire characterized these fights. The first real bloodshed took place when Bill Stayton threw a hog stone at Floyd McCoy, a young son of Rand'l's, who was riding along a mountain trail. The boy was frightfully injured and his blood for months stained the rocks where the assault took place. The first murder occurred when Sam and Paris McCoy, nephews of "Old Rand'l," ventured near a neighborhood of the Hatfields, where they came face to face with Bill Stayton. He carried a wooden ax small, with the usual devilry that

characterized his every act. He took off the top of a papaw tree, rested his rifle upon it, took deliberate aim, and shot Paris McCoy in the hip. Paris staggered to his feet and shot Stayton in the breast. Then both their rifles being empty, the combatants threw them away and closed in hand-to-hand conflict.

Kicking, gouging, throwing stones, nothing was barred, and at last Stayton fastened his teeth on McCoy's cheek as the two rolled over and over on the ground. Sam McCoy, who was only fifteen years old, ran in, placed the muzzle of his old cavalry pistol at Stayton's head, and fired. That was the first murder of the Hatfield-McCoy feud.

Paris McCoy surrendered to the authorities and proved the fight was so much in self-defense that even Justice Hatfield had to release him. Sam fled to the mountains, where the Hatfields searched for him with a dread relentlessness that knew no stopping. At last Ellison Hatfield found him, but Sam, too, was acquitted by a jury on the murder charge.

What is said to have been one of the most terrible crimes of the whole feud took place on Election day, 1882, when both clans gathered at the polls to vote for a candidate who happened to be favored by both. The voting was over by noon, the favorite being elected. Then:

"Let's get whisky and drink to the victory," some one suggested. "Who's got whisky?"

"I have," spoke up Joe Davis, a storekeeper, "in my store, half a mile away."

"Bring it here," was the imperative demand.

"I've got two kinds of moonshine," Joe qualified: "corn and apple. Which do you want?"

"Both," was the unanimous response.

To this day residents near the Tug River part of the Kentucky-West Virginia line say that Joe Davis should have known enough not to sell two kinds of liquor to the same celebrants at the same time, but he sold them; drinks were mixed, and the lid was blown off.

The Hatfields and McCoy's were drinking together, all troubles forgotten, when Talbot McCoy suddenly remembered he had owed "a dollar six bits" to 'Lias, "Hog-Thief Floyd" Hatfield's son, and that the debt was past due. Talbot painfully figured how much moonshine he could buy with a dollar and seventy-five cents (a quantity in that day) and demanded the money of 'Lias.

"I don't owe you none," was 'Lias's reply.

Talbot reflected on the matter a while.

"Well, I guess I'll have to take the worth of it out of your hide," he decided, and started after 'Lias.

He was getting the best of 'Lias in a fair fight when "Uncle 'Lias" and "Deacon Ellison" came to the rescue of their nephew. Fair fighting meant nothing to them. "Uncle 'Lias" brandished a revolver. "Deacon Ellison" opened a long-bladed pocket-knife. Talbot's brother, "Farmer" McCoy, then jumped into the ring with a revolver, but a constable arrested Talbot. Another arrested young 'Lias and the trouble was over for a minute.

That was just about as long as peace lasted, for the mixed drinks had so worked on "Deacon Ellison" that he forgot his religion and craved a fight. He called Talbot a coward, dared him to fight, waved the knife from side to side as he talked, until the constable, instead of arresting "Deacon Ellison" with the rest, released Talbot, so he could fight for his life.

There was a spot of smooth, dusty turf under the wide-spread branches of a huge beech-tree and the crowd formed a wide ring around this, pushing Talbot and "Deacon Ellison" into the center of it. A faint haze of dust rose around the two men, as they stood slightly crouching, glaring at each other. Then Talbot slowly reached in his pocket. He drew out a pocket-knife the size of the "Deacon's" and opened it.

There was a breathless silence while the crowd shuffled to and fro uneasily, and more than a few drew revolvers out of their pockets, examined their condition carefully, and placed their hands on the triggers. Then the two men in the center of the ring jumped at each other, and the fight was on.

It was fight to a finish, and both knew it. The "Deacon," striking overhanded, viciously slashed Talbot across the head, cutting him to the skull. Talbot, with his eyes blinded with blood, responded with an undercut, driving his knife deep in the "Deacon's" side, hitting a rib, however, and thus missing a mortal blow.

The crowd yelled wildly, the two fighters separated, closed together again, and the "Deacon" started another overhand blow, but the very strength of his arm closed the knife in his hand, and he dropped it useless on the ground, at the same time was thrusting his knife toward Talbot and grappling with him. Talbot

make on more account of her than you would of a man! Shoot her, damn her!"

"Cap" raised his rifle to the so, but Ellison Mounts beat him to it. The girl fell dead.

Old Mrs. McCoy ran out of her house to go to the girls, because she heard them scream that Allaphare was shot. Vance knocked her down with the butt of a shotgun, breaking two ribs, but her mother-love still triumphed, and, injured piteously, she still crawled on hands and knees toward her dead daughter.

"Jonce" Hatfield then showed he could slug women as well as the rest of his family. He brought down a revolver-butt on Mrs. McCoy's head and knocked her senseless.

The Hatfields had succeeded in firing the house by this time, and Calvin McCoy and his father knew they were trapped.

"I'll make a dash for the corn-crib," Calvin said. "If I reach it alive, I'll be able to protect the rear of the house and you can escape."

The two shook hands, and Calvin ran out into the open. He was fairly riddled with bullets before he had gone thirty yards, and the Hatfields closed in on him, yelling in triumph. "Rand'll" sent a volley into their midst, and Vance, French Ellis, and a couple of other Hatfields were hit. The gang retired, cursing, to concealment, giving "Rand'll" an opportunity to flee out of the back door in his night-gown and bare feet. He spent the night in a hog mire, his feet buried deep in the muck, and staggered, frozen and half senseless, into a neighbor's cabin the next morning.

Allaphare and Calvin McCoy were dead. Mrs. McCoy, wounded, it seemed fatally, was unconscious. The Hatfields had raced, yipping and yelling in shrill triumph back to the protection of their native West Virginia.

The whole countryside was aroused by this latest atrocity. A band of men, headed by Deputy Sheriff Frank Phillips, a relative of the McCoy's, started out to hunt the Hatfields down. One by one they were captured or killed. Two of them were tried and hanged. From now on the fight began to die out. The McCoy's had decided to quit, but the Hatfields continued warring for several years, determined to include in their enmity everybody who had helped the McCoy's hunt down the Hatfields. Finally, the long feud came to an end and for many years prior to his death the fierce Hatfield leader, Old "Devil Anse," had lived in peace. On a wall of his abandoned home on Tug River, it is said, a visitor will see a lithograph, reading: "There is no place like our home." Beneath this a Blue Ridge dealer, apparently in no wise misled by this display of sentiment on the part of the feudist chief, has printed carefully, "Leastwise not this side of hell."

FOLKS

[From

FLAGS OVER WEST VIRGINIA

FRENCH FLAG

In 1749, Marquis de la Galissoniere, governor of Canada, sent Chevalier Pierre Joseph Celoron de Bienville and a party of 250 troops in full panoply to claim the land on both sides of the Ohio River for the King of France. Bienville planted lead plates along the river. (One was found at the mouth of the Muskingum in Marietta.)

Bienville and his colorful party may have stood on the very site of this building. It is not definitely known whether Bienville flew the all white flag of the Bourbon Monarchy or the national blue flag with the gold *fluer de lis*. We like to think it was the latter because of the blue and gold West Virginia colors.

BRITISH FLAG

The British flag soon supplanted the French flag in this territory. It was the "Meteor Flag" of "Old England" and was established by Queen Anne in 1707 as the National Flag. This was the flag served under by George Washington as an officer in the British Army. Lord Dunsmore's troops carried this flag past here on the way to Point Pleasant to battle Cornstalk and his Shawnees. It is not the same as the present day British flag.

THE GRAND UNION FLAG

The first American National Emblem, this flag is of utmost importance to the history of the United States. When General George Washington took command of the Continental Army he found a disorganized multitude rather than an army. Each unit marched under its own flag. Some units marched under the British banners which they had borne in the French and Indian War. Dissension and jealousy were rife.

On October 20, 1775, General Washington wrote to Congress urging the creation of one national flag. Congress appointed a committee consisting of Dr. Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania, Col. Thomas Lynch of Carolina and the Hon. Benjamin Harrison of Virginia. This committee (with the advice of an unknown Harvard professor) designed the flag within six weeks: for the canton, the English Union Jack, made up of St. George's and St. Andrew's Crosses, and a field of thirteen alternately red and white stripes, representing the thirteen original colonies. The British Jack was included because of the even then reluctance to break entirely with the mother country.

The historic raising of this flag was January 1, 1776, at Prospect Hill, Massachusetts. The banner was run up a 76-foot pole, which was the former mast of a partially burned British Ship—a 13-gun salute boomed, our troops snapped to attention, we became a nation.

THE STARS AND STRIPES

On June 14, 1777, Congress of the United States passed the following resolution: *Resolved, that the flag of the 13 States be 13 Stripes alternate red and white; That the union be 13 Stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation.*

It is generally conceded that General Washington had a hand in designing this flag as the red and white stripes

(also on the Grand Union Flag) are also on the Washington coat of arms. The Washington coat of arms bears stars as well as stripes, and is to be seen on the door of Wessington (Washington) Manor in Lincolnshire, England. There the American Flag is flown every day. British school children donated pennies to buy the ancestral Washington Manor which was then given to the United States.

This flag was first raised over Fort Stanwix on August 6, 1777. When Vermont and Kentucky were admitted as states, Congress ordered that our flag have 15 stripes and 15 stars. This flag was carried during the War of 1812, and was the one Frances Scott Key saw when he was inspired to write the *Star Spangled Banner*. It was soon seen that this design would become unwieldy as states were admitted. Another Congressional committee was appointed. They referred the matter to Samuel Reid of Connecticut. He advised that the stripes be limited to 13 and stars added as states were admitted. His wife sewed such a flag and it was flown in Washington, D. C., on April 13, 1818.

THE STARS AND BARS

This was the first national flag to be adopted by the Confederate States of America. It was first raised in the Capitol, Montgomery, Alabama, at sunrise, March 4, 1861.

During the so-called "Hiatus Period" when the State of Virginia voted to join the Confederacy and the northern counties had not yet become West Virginia, this was our flag. It was actually flown in Parkersburg.

What is popularly considered the Confederate Flag was actually a battle flag. General Beauregard ordered it after the first battle of Bull Run. The Stars and Bars looked at a distance too much like the Stars and Stripes.

THE 35-STAR FLAG

This flag commemorates the admission of West Virginia to the Union, according to a placard at the State Museum, Capitol Building, in Charleston. This flag was first flown when President Lincoln made his *Gettysburg Address* at the National Cemetery, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

WEST VIRGINIA STATE FLAG

We did not have a state flag until 1904. The West Virginia delegation at the St. Louis World's Fair looked with envy on other state flags. They incorporated the State Seal—which had been designed by a local citizen, Diss de Barr—into our present flag and flew it proudly. The following year our legislature officially adopted it.

THE PARKERSBURG CITY FLAG

In September, 1970, the Sesqui-Centennial Committee in conjunction with the Parkersburg Woman's Club sponsored a flag designing contest. When the contest was judged, the winning design was submitted by John H. M. Richmond, a former resident of Lancashire, England. The flag was sewn by Mrs. Ross, who understandably was reluctant to change her name from Lucille to Betsy.

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History — courtesy A. BEAUCHAMP SMITH, III

Second Feud Book

second important book on Hatfield-McCoy feud (first was "an American Vendetta" by the Englishman, T. C. Newland, published in 1870, reprinted by "West Virginia Heritage" series and available at the Hillbilly Bookshop, Richwood) was "The Devil's Brigade" by John Spivak. The book was reviewed by Phil Conley in his "West Virginia Review" in 1931, and the review was a review. It follows as another link in the feud.

AN ATTEMPT is made to tell the story of the most famous mountain family feud of modern times in John L. Spivak's *The Devil's Brigade, the Story of the Hatfield-McCoy Feud*, (Brewer & Warren, New York.) This book is very hard to place within definite lines, it is neither fish nor flesh nor good red wine. The author gives the historic record of this sorry and sordid chapter in record a vicious fictionized treatment. None of the sensational features have been lost in this telling, even the story of cutting off a cow's tail to a woman finds its place in an appropriate chapter.

The story of Devil Anse Hatfield and his brigade, as told by Mr. Spivak, is a long and dramatic one. Devil Anse is described as a picturesque and jovial pirate, and other terms not nearly so well applied to his sons and to his wife. The McCoy's who warred with the Hatfields, are treated more generously, though in general characterization Mr. Spivak would convince a reader who knows some of the facts that the partici-

Mr. Spivak's plan was to take a fairly accurate outline of the Hatfield-McCoy war, place the action within certain dates, provide a few facsimiles of official papers to give a certain air of authority and authenticity, then get busy with fertile imagination. The truth is that the book is as dramatic enough, but Mr. Spivak has provided much conversation in a dialect such as he may have heard by hoboes during his wanderings—that fraternity, but never by a Virginia or Kentucky mountaineer. The book is called a "novel," by publishers but as such it is disappointing. A history it is not.

The narrative opens with the famous election day celebration in 1880 in Pike County, Kentucky, just across Tug River from the Hatfield home in Mingo County. Whiskey, election fights, razor-fights, hogs, and the courtship of Johnse Hatfield and Rosanna McCoy are the leading features of the opening chapters. Then the scene shifts in melo-dramatic fashion to the anger and hate of embittered families, plain murders, group assassinations, and general massacres, involving more and more people and county after county until it threatened to embroil two states in a civil war. Not a little war such as was being carried on in the valley of the Tug River and mountains adjoining, but a regular, almost-to-goodness war with generals and colonels and majors and a few privates. As a thriller this story ranks along with some of the best that the boys of a generation ago read in the seclusion of the log-cabin.

In course of time the mountain vendetta died out, perhaps because there were no more people to kill in the counties affected. At any rate it died down as railroads were built into the feud

...this tag as the red and white stripes

section. Coal mines were opened and the few Hatfields and McCoys that were left, according to the veracious Mr. Spivak, became coal miners. Then, under the oppression of the industrial system, the clans made common cause and the last vestige of the Hatfield-McCoy feud blazed out in the industrial war beginning in 1920 when seven detectives in the employ of the operators were shot down at Matewan. After this final taste of blood, it seems, all the old wounds were healed and peace was established. But why was it necessary to "kill" one of the officers who has since been, and is now, a member of the police force of the city of Charleston?

The author is a native of Connecticut, who has seen little of the world as a hobo, as a newspaper man, and in Soviet Russia. His contact with West Virginia and West Virginians has been brief. For a time he was at Williamson as a press correspondent, later at Charleston. Much of his material was taken from the "thrillers" of the middle nineties, sensational newspaper reports and perhaps a few biased statements from interested parties. To begin again at the beginning, it is not a book that is not wholly false or entirely true. But if one likes a bucket of blood to vary a literary diet, here is a book that should satisfy the most discriminating.

A newspaper would have to be outfitted for color if it told the story of the display that the Elks Club of Parkersburg put together as a part of the organization's annual traditional celebration of West Virginia's birthday. The display was too polychromatic for a black and white camera to do it justice. So, we will give you instead, the story of the flags that have flown over the state, thanks to the digging of historian A. Beauchamp Smith III of that town.

Public Hanging That All Public Hanging

The Jackson County Hanging

Public hanging and all public hangings in West Virginia and the country round take a holiday, and in Sunday bib-and-tucker go into eternity. But the lesson to the state was sufficient from Chicago and New York and Milwaukee and made West Virginians out to be the most temperate must have been. The story is grisly.

In 1897, all the quiet little town of Jackson County, West Virginia, a day's history, a scheduled to take a home-made hanging by the neck.

There have been hangings before and after the law, but it was a public festival to the law, by John F. Morgan.

John F. Morgan had killed a young boy in the most bloody style. He had killed a young girl and half murdered her sister. He sank a hatchet into the skull of an old gray haired woman. He had done it all in the space of an hour and he did it when court was in session at Ripley. Justice was quick. John F. Morgan swung in less than two months after committing his act of violence.

In light of history and in the length of time that has dispelled all sentiment and emotionalism, it can be said that not since the days of Jack the Ripper had any man killed in such cold blood as had John F. Morgan.

The frost was on the pumpkin and the fodder was in the shock on that morning of November 3, and there was murder in the heart of John F. Morgan. Mr. Morgan was pressed for money. A sum of \$35 he needed dreadfully. Mrs. Greene, the lady who had taken him as a boy and kept him gave him a horse when he left her farm and took for himself a wife. He traded the horse for two younger ones, and signed both of them away in case he couldn't pay the \$35.00 boot on the trade. The money was due on November 3 and he didn't want to lose his horses. And he didn't have \$35.00.

Money didn't grow on trees sixty years ago in Jackson County, or even now, and Morgan had to have that money. If things would have worked out the way he planned, only one would have had to die to give him the needed money. But Ed Shortwell, who always kept plenty of money on hands, refused to go squirrel hunting with Morgan. Said he was too busy, you know how it is when you haven't finished shucking your corn. Sure, Morgan knew, and he knew how it was when you didn't have \$35 when you needed it. The next best thing to do would be to go to the Greene family. They had always been nice to him, sure. It would be a lot worse to kill

one of them. But when you need \$35 — or any amount — you can't think of such little things. And besides Widow Greene had just sold a mighty fine horse.

He went to the Greene family. He had worked for them for five years and he knew all about the family. He liked them. They gave him their blessings and a horse when he married Rebecca Hall a year before and he had left them to go on his own. Mrs. Greene had been a Pfost, (which you pronounce Post in Jackson County,) by marriage to Francis Marion Pfost, who died, and later married Edward Greene. He too had died. The widow lived with two daughters, Alice and Matilda, daughters of the first marriage, and Jimmy, son of the second marriage. There was plenty Morgan knew about the Greens. He knew, for instance, that Jimmy would drop anything to go coon hunting.

He knocked on the door and asked for Jimmy. The lad was delighted at the suggestion that he get his gun and accompany Morgan down the road a piece where he had a coon treed. As they walked along toward the forest Morgan asked the boy about the horse sale. Had they got their money? As the boy walked ahead of him from time to time, Morgan would raise his gun to his shoulder and point it. It was hard for Morgan to make up his mind right off. After all this was to be his first such act of violence.

"No, we haven't got the money yet. But we'll have it tomorrow," Jimmy told Morgan.

Immediately Morgan lost interest in the coons. "Let's leave the dog here and we can get him in the morning."

"Sure," said Jimmy. "It's getting dark anyhow. Come on, let's go to the house and you can stay with us. We got plenty of room. You can sleep with me."

A glint came into Morgan's eye. "Sure, Jimmy, I don't mind, if you don't. We'll sure get that coon in the morning. Won't we Jimmy?"

Jimmy slept like a log that night, as all children do, but Morgan must have done a lot of tossing and thinking. The desperate need for \$35 wasn't strong enough for murder by morning, so his tossing must have helped. At any rate he awakened early the next morning, crawled out of bed without a thought concerning the coons that he and Jimmy were scheduled to get.

If Morgan had found a way

out of his \$35 dilemma that day, there wouldn't have been a "Jackson County Hanging" story. But fate didn't will it that way. Morgan that night returned to the Greene home where he was treated with courtesy mixed with reserve. The family began to suspect something. Mrs. Greene and her daughters, Alice and Matilda, had detected something in Morgan's demeanor. They even concluded that he needed money and believed that he would steal to get it. This is truth, because at the man's trial, neighbor John Chancey, said that Mrs. Greene had come to him about Morgan's strange action. He told the jury that he had advised Mrs. Greene to keep an eye on him and let him know if anything happened. Mrs. Greene, he said, didn't fear any bodily danger; she was just afraid of being robbed.

Morgan ate supper with the Greene's and sat with the family around the lamp that evening. He even asked Matilda Pfost to cut his hair. This wasn't a strange request because sixty years ago in the rural communities, the women cut the hair of the men folk. Matilda put Morgan off. Said she would cut his hair in the morning. And Morgan went off to sleep with Jimmy.

The Death Angel must have been on vacation that night, because Jimmy awoke the next morning, and went out about his chores, but when he came to the hog slopping curriculum, which is meted out to all little fellows on the farm, the Death Angel got on the ball. Jimmy was bent over the pen, pouring the slop into the trough for the grunting and squealing pigs. Then his body went limp, and slumped in a heap, as the hogs retreated at the smell of blood. Morgan had killed the lad by bashing his head in with a mattock. Jimmy was dead, he had to be; but, Morgan had to make sure. He picked up a stone and dropped it time and again upon the boy's head.

When Morgan came into the

kitchen where Matilda and Alice Pfost, daughters by Mrs. Greene's first marriage were preparing breakfast, he was whistling a light tune. They wanted to know where Jimmy was. "Went to see about his traps," said Morgan.

"Whatever has got into that silly boy's head anyhow?" she asked as if to herself. "Jimmy took up all his traps yesterday." She went about her cooking, and Morgan stepped outside. "I hear him whistling," said Morgan, after he had been out for a short time.

Some farm houses seem to have but one lamp, and the Greene home was one such. The girls took the only lamp to the spring house for butter, leaving Morgan in the dark. When they returned, one of them remarked that she couldn't understand why Jimmy hadn't come. Morgan stepped outside again at the mention of Jimmy and soon returned "I hear Jimmy coming," he said.

There was a woodbox back of the kitchen range. There was a sharp hatchet for Jimmy's kindling cutting chore in the woodbox. Morgan reached for the hatchet. His hand clasped the handle.

"My, but I have spent a lot of nights in this house," he said to the girls. They didn't answer, treating it as aimless conversation, expecting him to go on. Matilda bent down to open the oven door. Morgan struck her on the head with the hatchet; she fell to the floor. The commotion caused Alice to turn, and as she did so, the bloody hatchet took her full in the skull. The girls were evidently made of sterner stuff than poor Jimmy. Matilda on all fours took toward the outside door, and Alice holding her bleeding face in her hands, made her way to the front porch, through the kitchen and living room. Morgan took after Matilda, catching up with her before she could get out of the house and finishing his bloody business.

[To Be Continued]

Farm For Sale

Farm for sale on Doolin Route, New Martinsville, W. Va. 90 acres, 7 room house, storm doors and windows, 2 barns, 3 chicken houses, garage, cellar with house and wash house, 2 story granary, 3 cisterns, dug well, gas, electric, telephone, mail route on gravel road. Timber. Price on inspection. All buildings have good galvanized roofing. Webster Allen, owner. (This farm has been in the same family since the early 1800's.)

Talking to the Dead on the Telephone

A terribly skeptical kind of editor was the editor of the "American Medicine" in 1921, who would doubt that the great Thomas A. Edison was incapable of doing what he announced he would do, after inventing movies, lights and such, which was to communicate with the dead. I say, just watch and see, Mr. Smarty Pants editor, and here's that scurilous article you wrote:

"But perhaps for the first time in the great inventor's career the press have failed to deal with proper dignity and respect an announcement from the great man who has produced so many modern miracles. The press have preferred to deal with the matter in a humorous vein. That is perhaps due in a large part to Edison's unfortunate choice of a medium for communicating with the dead — a telephone instrument. No man can refer to that instrument, after the experiences of the past year or two, without treating the subject humorously in order to escape the tragedy of it. Thus, a French paper publishes a cartoon showing a man with a broad mourning-band on his sleeve and a tragic expression in his face. 'Isn't it just my luck?' he says to a friend. 'Just as I was congratulating myself on getting rid of my mother-in-law at last!' But, however unfortunate such a means of communication may be for the living, it would be infinitely more dis-

appointing to the dead. Imagine the departed, their spirits calmly swinging from sphere to sphere, enjoying the calm that has come to them after the wearing trials and tribulations of life on earth, grateful for their escape from terrestrial noise, odors, and ugliness. Imagine them suddenly roused out of their calm by the tinkling of a telephone-bell. The wizard has announced that if his invention fails to get a response from the spirit world he will feel convinced that there is no spirit world. That, we fear, is a too hasty conclusion. It is more than likely that the celestial service is as bad as the service in New York. 'Many are called, but few answer,' is perhaps as good a motto for spirit as well as earthly telephone systems. Edison may ring, the spirits may even be willing, but operators are the same the world over, and ethereal operators are not likely to be an exception. Why, therefore, the telephone, of all instruments? And just now, too, when there is every prospect of a substantial increase in telephone-rates."

• • •
Wouldn't it be a wonderful world if everyone were as kind, considerate and courteous as the guy trying to sell you a new car? —Martin Buxbaum's "Table Talk."

Petroglyphs (cave drawings) found in Wildcat Branch Cave.

Handwriting on the Walls by Ancient West Virginians

his mobile home. His wife's grandmother, Mrs. Harriet Brady Wellman, recalled that the rock had been exposed at one time and locally known as "Turkey Rock." Newspaper reports and subsequent studies by archeologist Daniel B. Fowler followed in 1975.

The petroglyph itself is composed of five principal outline figures pecked into the sandstone formation. All the figures are of aquatic form, consisting of four plump birds, two with craning necks and prominent beaks, and one with a short, thin neck and long transversely

striated bill. The additional figure appears to depict a beaver, although the drawing is somewhat exaggerated. Seven small hemispherical depressions are randomly scattered within the design area of the rock.

The Wildcat Branch Petro-

glyphs are located 1.05 air miles south of Big Sandy River near the confluence of Wildcat Branch and Tabors Creek, and represent one of a relatively small number of petroglyph sites known in West Virginia.

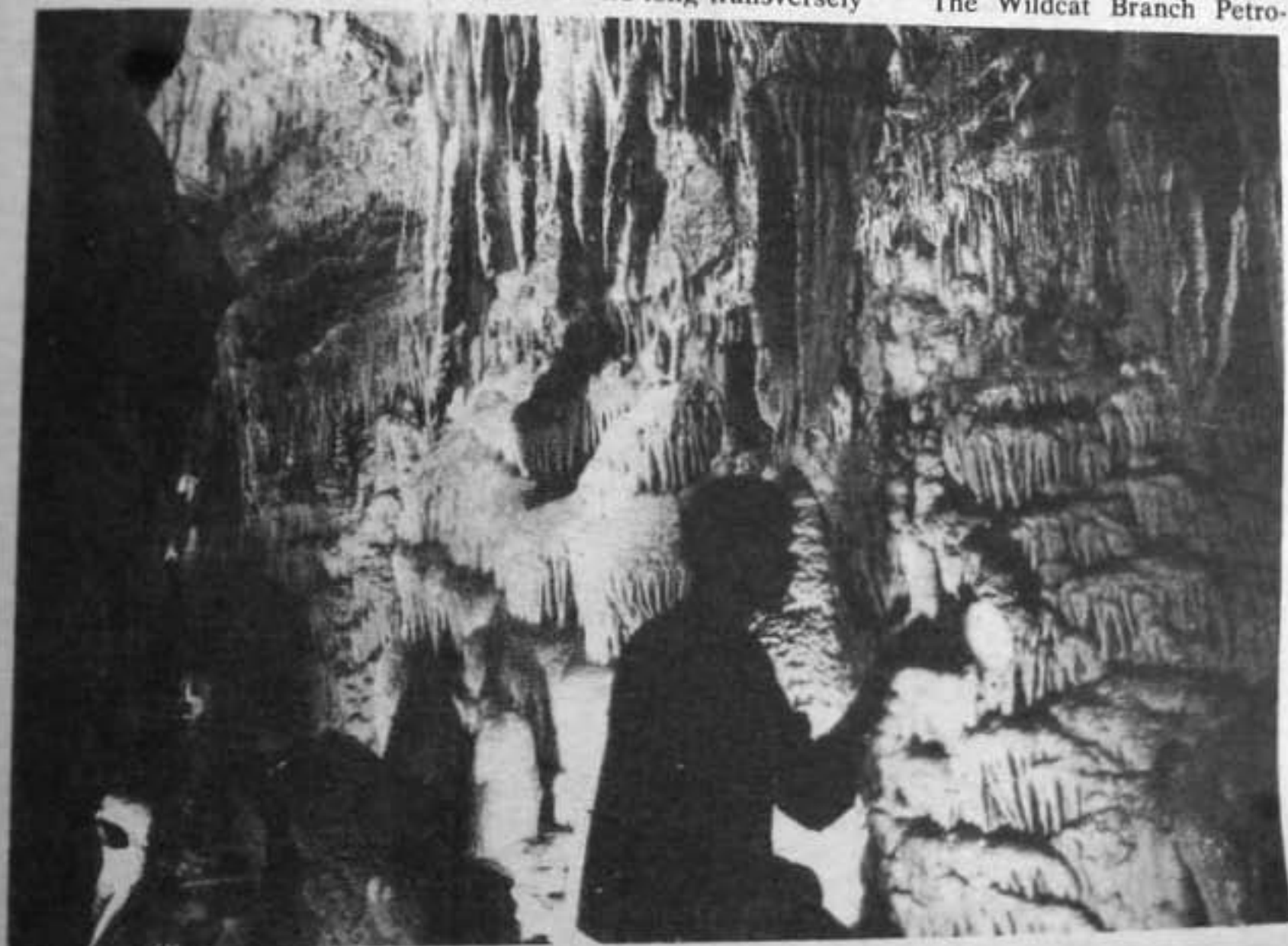
[More Cave, Top Page]

Right off the Cob

Senator Byrd, on a visit back home, said he took a dim view of Roselyn Carter's taking to the campaign trail. A president's woman's place, says Byrd, is in the White House.

Strange how the President gets results. Here he went to Mexico requesting oil, and they send us more than we want.

This new American was desperately trying to learn English and he ran across this three-letter word that some papers could spell and some couldn't, and he looked it up learned it meant "mule." He looked mule up and learned it was the symbol of the Democrat party. So he wondered why the biggest Democrat of all wanted to "whup" it and why his brother wanted him to kiss it. Impossible, this American English, he said as he sat on his mule and pondered.



Underground in the Smoke Hole Country.

Howard Smith's Vignettes

AND YOU SHALL
WANDER HAND
IN HAND WITH
LOVE IN SUMMER'S
WONDERLAND

SIR ALFRED NOYES
1880-1958



—From the Barbour Democrat

The Jackson County Hanging

PART 2
Continued From Last Week

large gashes were in her head and her white hair was now scarlet from her own blood.

Morgan then went home. He didn't run and he didn't walk. He was in a hurry, but he didn't walk as if he were desperate. The impact of what he had done must have come to him at once, as he didn't even try to find the money that he needed so badly. As he walked away from the house of death and dying, he dropped a bloody hatchet in the weeds. A short distance from the house he would have needed that hatchet if he hadn't been in such a hurry. In the tall alders by the side of the road, eyes filled with terror looked out at him and followed as he passed out of sight up the road. The owner of those terrible eyes had a gash in her head, and her dress was covered with blood and dirt. Alice had crawled from the house amid the screams of her mother and sister, making her way to the home of John Chancey and help. As she inched her way along she could still hear the screams and groans. Then she heard the footsteps of the killer. Just in the nick of time she crawled into the thicket and

held her breath until he had passed.

Mrs. Chancey put Alice to bed and sent for a doctor, while her husband went to the Greene farm. He was joined there by William Chancey and Ed Shotwell. The scene was sickening for young William. In a daze he followed his father and Shotwell about the scene of the murders. Mrs. Greene was lying with her head on the ground, and her feet on the porch. She wasn't yet dead, and they tried to make her comfortable. Matilda, too, was still living, but she, like her mother, died shortly after the neighbors came to their aid. Down at the hog pen they found the small crumpled body of Jimmy. There was the bloody mattock and the blood splattered stone. The boy felt only the pain of the first lick. And that was sudden and merciful. He had died at once. They found the hatchet too. All they needed was Morgan, and Alice had told them the direction he had taken.

It was just about breakfast time that Morgan arrived at his home. He didn't stay long. He put a few clothes together in a bundle and when his wife asked him where he was going

and what was wrong, he said: "They are dead. They are all killed down at Chloe's."

Mrs. Morgan didn't understand at all. Morgan had worked for years for Chloe Greene. He was working there when he asked her to marry him. Who on earth would want to do anything to the Greenses? "Who... Who?" she stammered.

Morgan's answer to this question was the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help Mrs. Morgan, who repeated it to twelve men whose minds were already made up. His answer was prophecy and it wasn't long before she did know what it was. Morgan's answer to his wife's "who?" was given in five words and he was gone.

"You will hear soon enough."

And she did hear all too soon for it wasn't long until the sheriff and a body of men came riding up to the house. She knew what they wanted.

It wasn't long until John Morgan's wife heard the story and if she had much realization of the full extent of the mess that her husband had got himself into, she no doubt had the feeling that she would be

80 Years Later

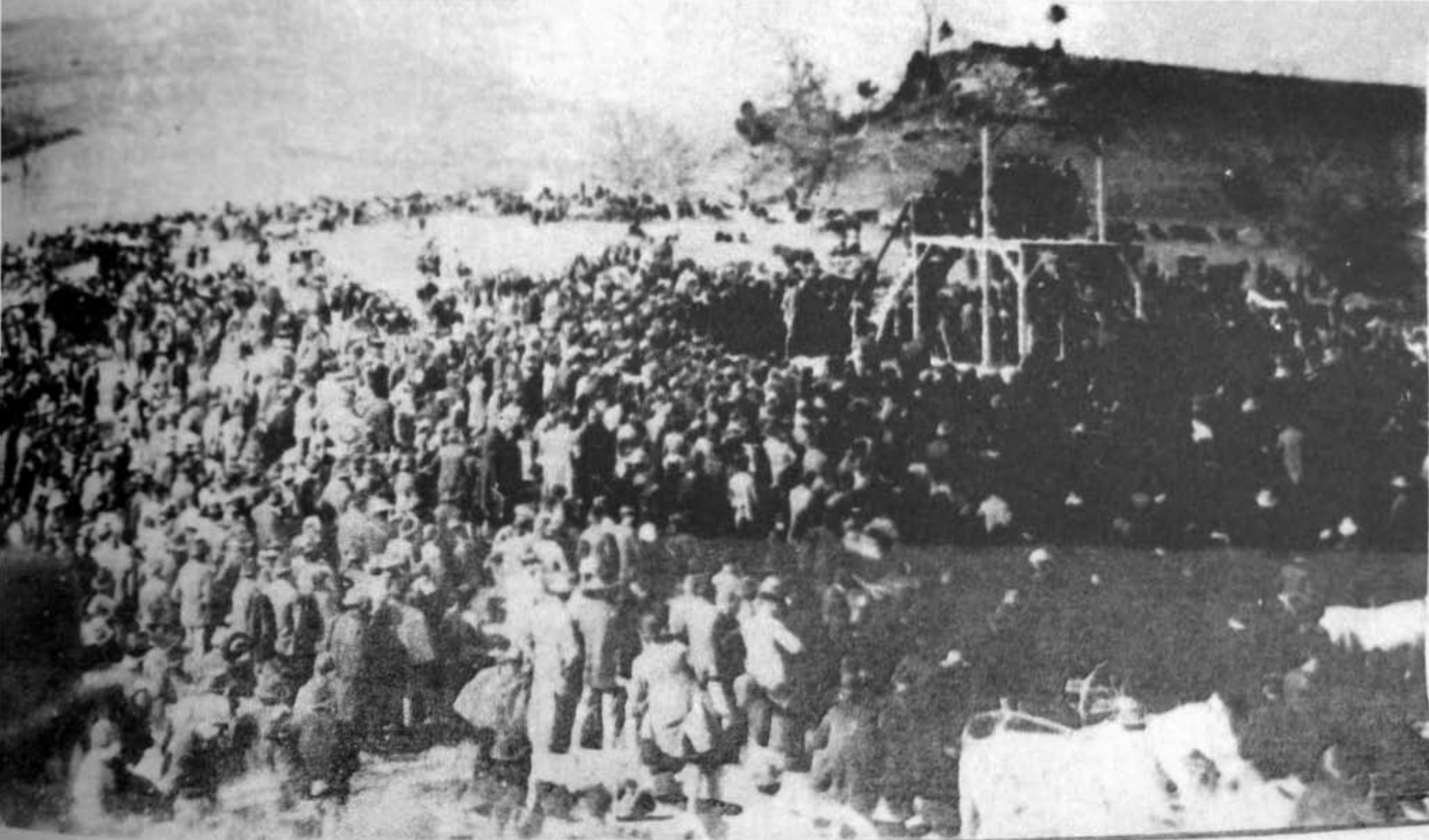
The execution of John Spunkelink, the Florida inmate who killed a fellow driver after being sodomized, aroused outrage in some quarters. Others, however, took a blither view of the affair. Members of the Jacksonville, Florida, police softball team celebrated the event by selling T-shirts emblazoned with a picture of an electric chair and reading "I down 133 to go." [There are 133 prisoners remaining on Florida's death row.] The shirts were peddled in order to raise money for a trip to a softball tournament in New Orleans. —Saturday Review

A widow within a short time. The sheriff and his men, consisting of every voluntarily deputized man and his personal shot gun, came within a short time after Morgan's departure. They told Mrs. Morgan that her husband had most cold bloodedly killed Mrs. Greene, her son Jimmy, her daughter Matilda, and no doubt, they said, but what her daughter Alice, too would die from the wounds she received at his murderous hands. All for the want of \$35, they told her. They didn't try to spare the poor widow-to-be's feelings.

The sheriff's posse in its exuberance took the wrong direction so the honor of catching Morgan, instead of going to



Photograph of the Hanging



Photograph of the Hanging

80 Years Later

The execution of John Spenkelink, the Florida inmate who killed a fellow driver after being sodomized, aroused outrage in some quarters. Others, however, took a blither view of the affair. Members of the Jacksonville, Florida, police softball team celebrated the event by selling T-shirts emblazoned with a picture of an electric chair and reading "1 down 133 to go." [There are 133 prisoners remaining on Florida's death row.] The shirts were peddled in order to raise money for a trip to a softball tournament in New Orleans. —Saturday Review

Morgan was looking at the leveled gun of Shamblem, and for him he had seen all the blood that he wanted for one day, and least of all was he prepared to shed any of his own.

While this was going on, some six or seven miles from the scene of the triple murder, nearly a thousand people were trampling over the lawn of the Greene homestead, satisfying their curiosity, poking here and there for some link in the horrible massacre which took place four hours before. Poking too, but with the official cloak of the law, were the members of the Jackson County Court, which had met that morning in Ripley, but adjourned when word of the Grass Lick killing had been brought to them. Sheriff J. O. Shinn, Prosecuting Attorney J. A. Seamm, and Coroner D. A. Brown, and other lesser fry of the jurisprudence department of a county's structure were present. The telephone was merely a gadget that they read about in the "Wheeling Intelligencer" and "Harper's Weekly," if they had heard about it at all but the word traveled and most of that end of Jackson County took a holiday.

This was the scene at the Greene homestead that Farmer Shambles met when he rode in with his prisoner, and had he come in the company of President William McKinley, he would not have aroused one half the interest that he did. Sheriff Shinn stepped out from the crowd, covered with enough guns to stock an arsenal, and snapped the handcuffs on the beleddled Morgan.

Shambien told the jury later that Morgan acted insane during this trip to the Greene home under Shambien's trusty gun, and indeed he did act a bit touched when the sheriff tried to pry a confession out of him so that they could take him back to Court with them, and save the county the expense of waiting for the next term of court. Morgan found the rule of insanity a bit better.

his thespian repertoire, and beyond acting. He saw that he wasn't convincing anybody, so he broke down and admitted the bloody work of that morning.

In the Court House at Ripley is a yellowed piece of paper with the following:

1. John Morgan being duly sworn by D. A. Brown, coroner of Jackson County, West Virginia, am sworn at my own request and make this statement under oath, free and voluntary, and I further say that the same is not extorted from me, nor made by me through promise in the future. I killed Jimmy Greene, Mrs. Greene and Matilda Pfost on the morning of Wednesday, the 3rd day of November, 1897. It was between four o'clock and daylight of that said morning. I killed Jimmy first, at the hogpen, the old lady second and Matilda third. I killed them in self-defense. I committed the crime in defending myself.

Taken, sworn to and subscribed before me this November 3rd, 1897.

Cotner of Jackson County

Before the ink was dry on the confession, poor old Morgan was on his way, handcuffs and all, to Ripley, and fewer emperors in fact and fiction have ever headed such an interested retinue. The rabble followed with great excitement. Court was on, and if Justice moved as fast as it should, then it was quite possible that the man would be sentenced that very day, which, outside the realm of where people take the law into their own hands, would be something indeed.

But it was Friday before Judge Reese Blizzard could sentence the man, because, apparently Morgan knew a bit about law himself. A number of witnesses were called, just out of formality, because the law had the ace, the confession, and thus formed a grand jury. They, in a short time, indicted him for the death of Matilda Pfost. A messenger was then dispatched to inquire into the condition of Alice Pfost, and learning that she was still living, they indicted Morgan for the death of Mrs. Greene. The jury was just making sure that nothing blocked the path between Mr. Morgan and the scaffold.

Morgan was then brought into the court room, and here he tossed a monkey wrench into the wheels of justice by answering in the affirmative when

asked if he had a lawyer. He spoke out boldly, and the court was pretty well impressed by the man's cold-bloodedness. He was a lot less nervous than the court, and the Deputy Sheriff kept his hand on his gun even though Morgan was chained wrist to wrist. No only that, but Morgan told the court, that he had a few witnesses that he would like to bring in on the case. All he could gain by this act was a day, which is no doubt something to a man who has as many strikes against him as Morgan had. The Judge adjourned Court until Friday. The first question Morgan asked when he got into the suffocating court room on Friday was where was his wife. He was told that she was in the off room, and a deputy was sent to fetch her. She showed that she had a thing or two on the ball, also, for with her was the baby, the ancient means of reminding juries that the Bible is pretty well set against creating widows and orphans. But then on the other hand, Mrs. Morgan could not have done otherwise as no doubt all eligible baby sitters were in the court room.

The only way that John Morgan's lawyer could have kept him from hanging was to have shot him. He knew it too, but he put a pretty feeble attempt at proving that the man wasn't all there for the sake of his legal reputation, but he didn't get anywhere at all. The jury went out and came back and the judge used those awful words, of "You will be hanged by the neck until dead, dead, dead; and may God have mercy upon your soul. Return the prisoner to jail."

The people in the court didn't even breathe as West Virginia's most blood-thirsty murderer left with his guards. They didn't even hate him now, because he was going to die. They could even feel a little sorry for him.

John Morgan went to jail to await his execution. But a man who will kill three people for the sake of \$35 won't go to his death until he has exerted every effort to avoid it. On the morning of December 3rd, a guard went into Morgan's cell to wake him for breakfast. He shook the prone figure in bed, and to his bug-eyed astonishment, made the unhappy discovery that the prone figure wasn't Morgan at all. It was merely the bed clothes. Morgan had flown the coop.

Morgan the murderer, was gone.

Morgan was the kind of person who, when he was caught and sentenced to hang, would stop at nothing to avoid the rope, still he was the kind who would like to have been present at the jail in Ripley that morning of December 3, 1897 just for the fun of seeing the jailer's face when the door was opened and a heap of clothes reposed upon the cot instead of Morgan.

No doubt he was making plans while Judge Blizzard was sentencing him, because he told later how he had pulled the wool over the guard's eyes and even laughed merrily at the telling of it. He had stood

up in the Court in connection with that august institution, and heard the people who are sent to see and hear that you couldn't tell being sentenced, if already know, so Morgan take the law from the judge.

FOR SALE: 1977 VW Rabbit, diesel, 17,000 miles. Phone 378-1700.

FOR SALE: 1980 Ford Truck, Diesel, 17,000 miles. Phone 3595.

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ST PETERSVILLE, WEST VIRGINIA

THE DEVIL AND THE LAWYERS.

THE Devil came up to the earth one day,
And into the court he wended his way,
Just as the attorney, with very grave face,
Was proceeding to argue the point in a case.

Now, a lawyer his majesty never had seen,
For to his dominions none ever had been,
And he felt very anxious the reason to know
Why none had been sent to the regions below.

'Twas the fault of his agents, his majesty thought,
That none of these lawyers had ever been
caught,
And for his own pleasure he felt a desire,
To come to the earth and the reason inquire.

Well, the lawyer who rose, with a visage so grave,
Made out his opponent a consummate knave ;
And Satan felt considerably amused
To hear the attorney so badly abused.

But soon as the speaker had come to a close,
The counsel opposing him fiercely arose,
And heaped such abuse on the head of the first,
That made him a villain of all men the worst.

Thus they quarrelled, contended, and argued, so
long,
'Twas hard to determine which of them was
wrong,
And concluding he'd heard enough of the fuss,
Old Nick turned away, and soliloquized thus :

" They've puzzled the court with their villanous
cavil,
And, I'm free to confess it, they've puzzled the
Devil ;
My agents were right to let-lawyers alone,
If I had them they'd swindle me out of my
throne."

Taken from the selections of J. Greenbag
Croke, by Edwin Charles Long, Batavia, Gene-
see County, N. Y.

A Tribute To A Man of God

By Reva Reed

Many church going people of this present age have no idea of the hardships endured by the preachers of an earlier period of time. Like Paul these early ministers of the gospel had their share of misfortunes and adversities, in order to serve the members of their churches.

Each preacher of the country churches usually had four or five churches on his circuit. As a result he could only reach each church every four weeks. Sometimes he preached at one church in the morning and rode several miles to preach in another in the afternoon.

On preaching day there might be a wedding to perform or a baptismal service. Funerals were also preached when the pastor could be there, maybe long after the deceased was buried.

I remember one such service when I was very young. I wondered why people were weeping. I couldn't see anything to cry about.

The sacrament (we called it The Lord's Supper) was observed when the Presiding Elder visited the church. The elements consisted of homemade bread, and homemade grapejuice furnished by my mother. One goblet was used by all participants. No one ever got sick from it.

The two outstanding preachers of my early years were P. D. Fisher and Dan Anderson. Perry Fisher served our charge for fourteen years, and Dan Anderson for seven years. They are the ones that stayed the longest, and are still exerting influence in our lives, although they have passed on

long ago at Limestone.

Feb. 9. Raw, windy day. Went on hill to St. Joseph's in afternoon, bought 1 1/2 barrel flour and preparing to be deliv-

to a better and less hazardous land, long ago.

They went into every home, usually eating a meal with each family. Sometimes the fare was scarce, but they piled their plates full of molasses and biscuits or beans and cornbread and ate heartily.

Once Perry Fisher was a guest overnight in a humble home. After retiring for the night he felt something cold at his feet. Calling to his host for a lamp, it was discovered that he had a snake for a bedfellow. "I didn't sleep much that night," he admitted as he told the story.

This wonderful pastor stayed in our home at nights during a revival meeting, and visited his parishoners in the day time. Revivals always lasted two weeks and sometimes three weeks.

He had a good voice and people came to hear him sing, as well as preach. I have often heard him singing in bed before he arose. His voice and presence filled our home with love and gladness.

Dan Anderson also slept at our house. He never ate before preaching, but ate a bowl of cornbread and milk before bedtime. We kept the cornbread baked especially for him.

At one time he had chewed tobacco. He kept it in the pocket of his overcoat hanging in the vestibule, along with the lanterns and overshoes. Once his small son remarked, "Dad you are not going to preach with that tobacco in your pocket are you?" That ended the tobacco habit.

Those early ministers of the gospel rode through rain, snow and mud to their appointments. Their efforts affected all our lives. As one of the very few left of that generation, I can testify to the good that they accomplished.

The
West Virginia

NOW YOU KNOW

The Gentlemen on the Seal

When Joseph H. Diss DeBar peopled the Great Seal at the behest of the first legislature in Wheeling in 1863 he didn't jerk those two fellows out of thin air.

He chose them from his neighbors in the Doddridge County town of St. Clare, settled by the seal designer, and named for his ailing wife.

After years of research, Hillbilly has learned the names of the two men, and a little bit about one of them.

The man on the right of the boulder is a coal miner, symbolizing the state's important industry, which shows Mr. DeBar to have been quite a prophet.

The man on the left is a farmer with an axe to clear his land and a plow to plow it with.

The coal miner was Mr. DeBar's neighbor Billy Patton. Hillbilly's search for biographical matter has run up blind alleys. We can't tell you anything about him.

We can tell you a lot about the farmer, though. His name is Henry Smith. The National Smith Association can add another name to its long list of celebrated Smiths.

You can thank Mrs. Earl Sherman, of Doylestown,



Billy Patton



(Continued On Page 23)

Henry Smith

The Time They Knocked a Hole in Cheat River

By Jerry Ash

One of the greatest pleasures of the "bygone days" in West Virginia was the telling of tall tales, the more outlandish the better. None was ever more entertaining than the one told sometime before the invention of the automobile about the time "they knocked a hole in the bottom of Cheat River."

"I still tell that story," Bo Hart, an antique car collector and service station operator in Tunnelton said. "No one ever believes it, though."

Bob got the story on good authority from the late Custer Pierce who wrote about the purported event in The Preston County Journal. The Pierce article appeared in the 1950's, but it was based on the account as it once appeared in a Cumberland newspaper.

So the story goes, it happened along the Cheat near Whetsell Settlement near the place where there was supposed to be a gold mine. There was a picnic area there at the time, overlooking the Cheat River.

High above the river, on the hillside there was a famous "teetering rock" and one day some boys decided they'd go up there and push it over. They did and it rolled all the way down the hill, tumbled out over a shelf of rock and leaped right into the middle of the river with a great thud.

It hit so hard it knocked a hole in the river bed and all the water ran out!

The story never explains exactly where the water went, but Bob says that supposedly there was a limestone cave

beneath the river at that point.

If that's so, then the river must have filled back up again when the cave was finally filled with water.

What a far-fetched tale!

You think so? Well a recent news story in Upshur County brought the whole subject up again in my mind, and now I'm not so sure the tale was a tall one. You see, the bottom did fall out of an Upshur County stream and the water did run out!

It happened at Hodgeville early Monday morning, July 16, 1979.

During heavy rains and flooding the roof of an old mine shaft collapsed beneath a small stream, and with it the stream flow was suddenly diverted into the shaft below. The hole

occurred on the property of Herbert Swecker.

Now, if you think this is one of your tales, understand that the verifiable U.S. Soil Conservation Service (SCS) and the Bureau of Surface Mining was called in to contemplate this mysterious occurrence and they eventually had to spend \$30,000 to plug the hole.

When it first occurred SCS officials were quite concerned, not only about where the water went, but where it might eventually reappear. The water finally burst from the mouth of an abandoned shaft part way up Gum Mountain the following morning, July 17.

Two weeks later Larry Gasseday of the SCS office in Buckhannon reported that this

(Continued On Page 21)

Barbour Briefs *by Howard Smith*

COUNTRY ROADS



Mima and me and our
Bronko makes three.
Come ride with us and have
a look-see.



Country roads that are
bumpity and rough—
Old rail fences, barns
and such stuff.



We'll park by a stream
Spark'ling, bubbly and clear
And look at the wild flowers and
ferns that are near.
Craw-dads under rocks and
out of sight,
Dragonflies darting about in
the light.
Birds inspecting us curiously
And scolding us most furiously.



Now as the shadows
lengthen,
and the day is done,
We'll head back home
toward the slowly setting sun.





Watering Up To Tote The Special

A railroad buff's railroad buff is Col. James Bogle of Atlanta, Georgia, whose devotion to West Virginia is shown with his reading this paper since its birth, and his devotion to steam by visiting West Virginia which still has a little of its old steam left. He took this picture of the Es-Reading Ry No. 2102 taking water at the tank at Marlinton in order to tote the Greenbrier Road Special in 1977.

Railroad



at the tank at Marimont in
Special in 1977.

Now She Belongs to the Ages

The giant steam locomotive which pulled the American Freedom Train cross-country during the nation's Bicentennial celebrations in 1975-76 will reach its final resting place in Baltimore, Md. on Labor Day.

Locomotive No. 2101, at one time the pride of the Reading Railroad, is being donated to the B&O Railroad Museum as a permanent display by Ross E. Rowland, Jr., a New York City commodities broker who rescued the steamer from a Baltimore scrap yard. Rowland located No. 2101 on a scrap heap in late 1974 and directed her restoration to running condition for the Freedom Train's April 1, 1975 kick-off, with the help of volunteers selected from the nation's rail fans.

Rowland, Founder of the non-profit American Freedom Train Foundation and Chairman of the Steam Locomotive Corporation of America which now owns No. 2101, called the locomotive the "Centerpiece of an American Freedom Train exhibit" to be assembled at the museum.

The locomotive was painted in the patriotic red, white and blue colors for its 10,000-mile Bicentennial journey and then was repainted in Chessie System colors for the Chessie System Specials, excursions operated in 1977 and 1978 in

celebration of the oldest railroad's Sesquicentennial.

Last spring, a roundhouse fire destroyed No. 2101 operating capabilities but not her appearance. Repainted in her American Freedom Train colors, the giant 4-8-4 type coal burner will be given to the museum in a gala ceremony on Labor Day attended by rail fans from across the nation, corporate and civic officials and other dignitaries. Hays T. Watkins, Chairman of the Chessie System, will accept title to No. 2101 from Mr. Rowland.

In turn, another 4-8-4 locomotive now on display at the museum, C&O No. 611, will be given to Rowland to be restored to operating condition for future excursion runs by the Steam Locomotive Corporation of America.

No. 2101 will be on display thereafter, along with her own mini-museum, a converted rail car packed with relics and memorabilia relating to her three-year career as America's best known and most-viewed iron horse.

"The B&O Museum was really the only place for her," Mr. Rowland said. "American railroading began right here on these grounds and the Chessie System has done an outstanding job of assembling and interpreting the finest collection of 'railroadiana' any-

Public Hanging That Stopped All Public Hanging

The Jackson County Hanging

for a means of escape, and it wasn't long until he had the idea that would do the trick. When he was first put into his cell, he lay down on the bed and spread a newspaper over his face and lay there as motionless as a corpse. He would not only do this at night upon retiring, but during the day the guards would catch him cat-napping under his newspaper. He told them that the light hurt his eyes.

In the evening the guards would let Morgan out of his cell, to an opening by his door where they had chairs and a table and a checkerboard. The guards would play with great absorption, and Morgan would feign a deep interest, often

any longer upon the subject. The sentence of this Court is: That you shall be confined in the county jail until the 16th day of December 1897, and on that day and on that date that you be taken from the county jail of this county by the Sheriff of this county, and hanged by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead; and may God have mercy upon your soul. Return the prisoner to jail."

When Morgan arrived back in the jail, he started looking

courage for that woman to have faced a lion's den than to have faced the public feeling caused in this matter; she has honorably done so, and it is one more monument to the character of this woman has done so, it only renews in the bosom of the Court the feeling that if the mother of our Savior had not been a woman, His blood, perhaps, would not have been sufficient to extenuate the sins of the world. The Court cannot

partition you any more under the law; if he could, he doubts whether it would be to your advantage to be acquitted of a crime of this kind; it certainly would be doing the public a great wrong to turn loose upon this community with all the savagery you have shown your crimes would be committed; it would again follow that others would share the same fate of these helpless victims. The Court does not desire to talk

Before I Say Goodbye

Twenty years ago, I, Jim Comstock, editor, publisher and owner of The West Virginia Hillbilly, started a monumental job, that of producing an encyclopedia of West Virginia of 50 volumes, plus a 51st pictorial volume. The purpose of the work was to make it easier for kids in school when? and who?, and to make the job of teaching West Virginia easier. It was also designed to interest the West Virginia adult.

The first 50 volumes of text were completed two years ago, several years off schedule, and all sets were delivered to the owners who purchased them as the work was in progress, and at progressive pricing. The first thousand sold for \$100, the second thousand sets sold for \$200, the third and last thousand sets sold at \$400.

A few sets remain to be sold, probably less than a hundred sets.

PICTURE BOOK

The West Virginia Picture Book was a kind of after thought, conceived after it was determined that a much larger size than the encyclopedia size would serve the purpose better. The final result was a 300-page book of a page size measuring 12 x 15 inches. This volume was sold by advance sales at \$25, and only encyclopedia buyers were permitted to buy them.

The Picture Book has now been completed and all advance purchasers have received their copy or copies. The general public, meaning non-buyers of the encyclopedia, are now entitled to buy as many copies as they wish as long as they last at \$25. It is estimated that there are 300 copies of the Picture Book remaining to be sold.

1876-1976 BOTTLES

A special gift was offered to advance purchasers of the Encyclopedia, a choice of one or two Commemorative bottles with the West Virginia state seal in bas relief in the side. One is a replica of the water flask George Washington carried with him when he was a part of the Winning of the West and a frequent visitor to West Virginia, priced at \$8.

The other bottle was a replica of the famous Booz bottle, or "cabin bottle," with bas relief of the state seal on the back side of the cabin. It is priced at \$50.

After October 1st these bottles will be made available to encyclopedia buyers.

SPIN-OFF VOLUMES

All of the supplemental volumes of the Encyclopedia [but not volume 9] were spun-off, that is volumes that the publishers felt buyers might want additional copies of as gifts to give without breaking their set, or non-buyers might want without buying a complete set, were printed in a brown building to contrast with the green of the sets, and were sold to advance encyclopedia buyers at a 50% discount. On October 1st this offer will be withdrawn and all purchasers will pay the set price.

NOW . . . WERE YOU SATISFIED?

Now, that the work is finished, the establishment is hesitant to write "finis" to the job until purchasers

[supporters, really, and very special people] have been given a chance to say something. Also, it would help with some shoddy bookkeeping. To make the job easy, here are questions for people who purchased encyclopedia sets in advance.

1. I am thoroughly happy with my purchase: Yes — No —
2. Tell why, if you want to make the publisher's day.
3. I am unhappy with my purchase. Yes — No —
4. You might make your day, by using this space to tell why?
5. If you want to be specific, here's a way to make it easy:
A. I paid for something I didn't get:
Namely:
_____ Picture Book[s]
_____ Set or sets.
_____ Spin-off volume[s].
_____ Commemorative bottle[s].
6. Any other pro or con remarks you might care to make.
7. Would you want to be among the first advance purchasers of advance sets of a revised and updated West Virginia Heritage Encyclopedia at a comparative priced [original] set and to be finished quite possibly posthumously?

Finally, I, Jim Comstock, publisher of the West Virginia Heritage Encyclopedia, and continuing editor, publisher and owner of this newspaper doesn't mind if he hears from every last one of that staunch bunch of supporters of what can easily be put down as one of the greatest reader-editor contributions to West Virginia.

Yours,
Jim Comstock

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EDITOR ON THE GO

The Time Bob Byrd Fiddled To The Fish

It was really only around the corner from where I do most of my work, in the back of the bookstore, to Pieri's Restaurant and Lounge that I went, and it wouldn't be anything to write about at all only here in a booth is Bill Harnsbarger sitting and eating a fish sandwich, something everybody says is good here, and reading the newspaper.

Nobody in Richwood pays Pieri's the respect they should by Frenchifying the pronunciation, but saying Perry's which is no distinction at all. But it is a good place to go for coffee in the afternoon, or for something stronger upstairs and a good dinner at night, and I usually drop in here of the afternoons.

I am surprised to see Bill Harnsbarger still in town, knowing that it is the Cherry River Navy Festival that brings him here once each year, in August, but he usually leaves the same day or the next. I slide into the booth beside him and tell him to order anything more he wants as it's on me because when you can sit with Bill Harnsbarger, and you are any kind of a newspaper man at all, you are going to find any kind of meal is worth paying for because Bill never leaves you without having left one of his unusual stories.

He looks up, and says, "Oh, hello," and says he doesn't care for anything more, that the fish sandwich is filling enough, and besides he had had a salad, and he keeps his finger on what he's reading, which I see is a news story about Senator Robert Byrd. "That's my man," he says, and then he says, "Did I ever tell you that I am the one who got Bob Byrd started on his musical career?"

He asks the question half

way between bragging and owning up to something, and I smell a story here, and I tell him no, I didn't know he was the one who launched Bob Byrd on his musical career, and I'd love to hear about it.

And then I let him talk, slipping a few notes with the blue proofreading pen on the edge of a galley proof, I'd brought along to read.

"It was at Beckley, and I really don't remember how long ago it was, but I do know this, the time had something to do with Bob Byrd being twenty-one years old. Maybe it happened on his 21st birthday, which is the way I remember it maybe. Anyhow, I was the producer of an hour show on Station WJLS, the call letters of which were, as you know, for Hulett Smith's Congressman father Joe L. Smith, who owned the station. The way WMMN in Fairmont is for Senator Mat Neeley, and WHIS in Bluefield is for



Senator Robert Byrd
As seen by the Irreverent
(P)phant,

Senator Hugh Ike Scott. Did I ever tell you about the time Huke Ike . . . ?"

I stopped him on that, deciding that was something for another time, and got him back on the subject at hand, which was how he launched the musical career of Senator Byrd for whom there isn't a Station WRCB. Or yet there isn't.

"Oh, yes, I had an hour in the afternoon, a thing called The Kopper Shopper which gave any Koppers employee — that's a coal company, you know — a chance to show off his talents and between the acts to tell the Raleigh and Fayette and Wyoming and even Mercer Countians that Kopper shopping was the best thing anybody could do. That was back in those awful Depression days, and to make ends meet a man had to do a lot of moonlighting. I served as coach for Pax High School. I wrote some for one of the Fayetteville papers. And I had this show, all going at one time. And, as I said, I would put on the show anybody who had any talent at all. And even people without talent, as long as they were connected with Koppers Stores.

"One day one of the store managers came to me and said he would like for me to give a young man a chance on my show. Fellow named Bob Byrd he said, who, he said, played a pretty mean fiddle. I said, sure, send him up, and eventually Bob showed, came in carrying his violin in a case, and played a tune or two, and I said, Okay, You are on. And he was plenty good, or was compared with the talent I had been getting. He came a number of times, and one day he came in with this fellow, and to this day I can't

remember his name or who he was, and I just wonder if he is still living.

Bob Byrd introduced me and I remember it was a bit awkward shaking hands with him because he was trying to balance a bowl of gold fish and not slop any of the water out. I said to Bob, what kind of a show did he have for me this time, and he said, Bill, I have something a little different. Tom here (we'll call him Tom) is going to swallow these three goldfish while I play Over the Waves and while you narrate it. I don't know whether you remember or not, but swallowing goldfish at that time was something of a craze. Started in some dizzy college, and became quite a fad there for a time.

"Well, we did it. This fellow scooped a goldfish from the bowl and held it high above his turned up face, and let it down slowly into his mouth, and then gulped. You could see it going down. And did it two more times. And here was Bob Byrd playing Over the Waves and I was describing it to the audience of the air. Craziest thing I ever did, I suppose, and I doubt if Bob Byrd's done much crazier."

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